THE CAUSE OF BEATIFICATION OF THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

DATE DUE

Poulain et Cartes Phot.

"The Little Flower"

The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus

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Preface

THESE Articles for the Cause of Beatification of the Servant of God, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, are the work of the Vice-Postulator of the Cause, Mgr. de Teil. The procedure in regard to Beatification and Canonisation is regulated minutely in the directions contained in the two Bulls of Urban VIII, and in subsequent decrees of the Holy See.

The first step is the "Informative Process," instituted by the Bishop of the Diocese in order to supply "information" to the Holy See concerning the reputation for sanctity of life of the deceased, and also to examine and report upon the individual virtues and miracles of the Servant of God. In regard to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, the Informative Process was begun at Bayeux on August 3rd, 1910, and was closed on December 12th, 1911, by a public session in the Chapel of the Seminary of the town. The Articles, of which

this book is composed, form the basis and foundation of this Informative Process. They are drawn up by the Vice-Postulator of the Cause, who is appointed by the Postulator to promote all the judicial inquiries outside of Rome. They are the statement, written in short, terse sentences, of the facts which the Vice-Postulator intends to prove concerning the life, virtues, supernatural gifts and miracles of the Servant of God. The Tribunal assembled sometimes at Lisieux and sometimes at Bayeux, held 109 sessions, each lasting from four to five hours, and received the testimony of expert doctors and the depositions of forty-five witnesses. The work of the tribunal takes up more than 3000 pages of closely written matter, which are preserved in the Diocesan Archives, while an authentic sealed copy was taken to Rome by the Vice-Postulator and delivered into the hands of the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The rule is to leave the acts of a process of this kind unopened for ten years. Exceptions are however sometimes made, and this has been the case in regard to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. The seals were at once broken and the documents of the process submitted to a preparatory examination before the Sacred Congregation of

Rites. The result of this work will be presented to the Holy Father, and if His Holiness gives his signature to permit the introduction of the cause, Sister Teresa will be by this act declared Venerable. It but remains now to wait for the judgment of the Holy See, to whom alone belongs the right to judge the Cause.

THE TRANSLATOR.

The Oratory, S.W.
Eve of All Saints, 1912.

PART I

THE LIFE OF THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

I.

IT is the truth that Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin, in religion Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, received, from the Mother Prioress of the Carmel of Lisieux, the order to write, without constraint, whatever came naturally into her mind about her life. Our Lord made her feel that in obeying simply she would be pleasing to Him; and before beginning to sing the Mercies of God, she prayed the Blessed Virgin to guide her hand, for she wished to write nothing except under her maternal care.

Such is the origin of the kind of autobiography entitled *L'Histoire d'une Ame*. It is not the Life, in the ordinary sense, of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, but rather her thoughts on the graces that her Lord deigned to accord to her during the course of her life.

She was glad, she wrote in her graceful language, to sing near her Mother Prioress, and

for her alone, these ineffable favours, and to write the story of a "Little Flower" culled by Jesus.

She adds: "The Little Flower, who is going to relate her history, rejoices at being able to proclaim the entirely gratuitous favours of Jesus. She recognises that there was nothing in her capable of attracting His Divine Eyes, that His mercy alone has filled her with good things."

*As it will be established by well-informed witnesses, who will bring proof of that which they advance.**

2. Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin was born at Alençon on January 2nd, 1873, of truly Christian parents. Her father, Louis Joseph Stanislas Martin, was distinguished by his spirit of faith and great charity; her mother, Zélie Guérin, was a woman of fervent and enlightened piety. God had blessed their union with children, and Marie Françoise Thérèse was their ninth child. She was baptised in the Church of Notre Dame at Alençon, in the diocese of Séez, on January 4th, 1873.

3. These Christian parents occupied them-

* These words occur after each article, but for brevity's sake they are omitted.

selves unceasingly with the eternal salvation of their children, who grew up in an atmosphere of true and solid piety. Comfort, far removed from affectation or luxury, reigned in their home; God blessed their temporal affairs. He called to Himself four of their children at an early age: two boys and two girls. The five other girls entered the religious life; four were received at the Carmel of Lisieux, and one at the Convent of the Visitation at Caen.

4. Teresa, the youngest, was surrounded with the most lively affection. They loved to lavish on her, with the names of Queen, Little Queen, the tenderest caresses. Her intelligence awoke at a very early age, and from then she tasted the charms of virtue. Like many saints, St. Teresa, St. Geneviève, and many others, she distinguished herself by a precocious maturity, especially in regard to supernatural thoughts, which attracted her during her whole life.

"Oh, how I wish that you would die," she said one day to her mother. When she was scolded she replied, "It is in order that you may go to Heaven, since you told me that it is necessary to die to go there." She used also to wish her father to die in her outbursts of love; she was then about three years old.

From this age, in spite of her self-will and her growing pride, she applied herself, at the instigation of her sisters, to offer little sacrifices to God; she began to practise acts of charity, and was happy to carry to the poor the alms that were entrusted to her.

5. When she was four and a half, Teresa lost her mother, after a long illness. She retained a sad and imperishable remembrance of those days. Everything had made an impression on a nature so sensitive as hers; there was first the separation to which she had been obliged to submit, the ceremony of extreme unction, the grief of her father, the kiss on the cold brow of her mother, the sight of the coffin on which she gazed for some time.

After the funeral, the five little orphans were together and very sad. Céline chose her sister Marie for her mother, but Teresa threw herself into the arms of her younger sister, saying, "Pauline shall be my mother"; and from thenceforth she gave her entire confidence to her.

6. After becoming a widower, Monsieur Martin went to live at Lisieux at the house called Les Buissonnets, in order to bring his children near their mother's family. Teresa grew up under the firm and enlightened

direction of her sister Pauline. She forced herself to do all her actions in order to please Jesus, and not to offend Him, and in the evening she was anxious to know if God was pleased with her. From the age of five and a half she understood all the religious instructions that she heard so well, that the time of her first confession was advanced. So serious had been her preparation that she presented herself to the priest as to God, and she bore away with her from this confession a remembrance full of sweetness, and a greater devotion towards the Blessed Virgin.

7. It was a joy to her to go out with her father, and their walk used generally to end with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. She loved the Sunday ceremonies, the religious feasts, pious reading, prayer in common, having only, she said, to look at her father in order to know how the Saints pray. She foresaw in a kind of prophetic vision, related at once to her sisters, the crosses which were to press on this well-beloved father at the close of his life. She seemed to recognise him under the appearance of an old man bent with age, and carrying on his white head the sign of his great trial. Her affectionate heart could never banish

this remembrance, and the event confirmed later her childish apprehensions.

8. Teresa went at the age of eight and a half to the Benedictine nuns of Lisieux in order to attend the school course. Her keen intelligence shone in her studies, but she preferred the time passed with her family to the more noisy games of her schoolfellows. Soon the departure for Carmel of her sister Pauline, who had been a second mother to her, caused her a keen sorrow. To this time and to the talks with her sister are traced her first aspirations for the cloistered life and the desire of attaining to sanctity. She even opened her mind on the subject, under the impulse of her sister, to the Mother Prioress of Carmel, who put off for long years this little postulant of nine, destined to be prepared by many trials. The first of these was a very serious illness, accompanied by strange phenomena, and fears attributed to the devil. The skill of the doctor and the devoted care of the family were powerless. The illness terminated suddenly during a novena to our Lady of Victories. One day, when her state seemed most grave, her sisters threw themselves on their knees at the foot of the statue of Mary, the little invalid joined in their ardent prayers, and Mary deigned to

hear. "The Blessed Virgin came towards me," she said to herself, "she smiled at me . . . but I will tell no one, for my happiness would disappear." She was cured. However, her impressionable nature caused it to be partly guessed by her sisters, and some questions, due to the pious curiosity of the Carmelites, completed the revelation of her secret and this threw her into a long and painful anxiety.

9. The first Communion of Teresa took place on May 8th, 1884. In order to prepare herself better for it, she offered a great number of little sacrifices, like so many varied flowers; she was eager for the pious counsels that she received and the intimate instructions of her sister Mary. Her fervour redoubled during her retreat at the Abbey of Lisieux. She followed it as a boarder, and was surrounded with every care by the Benedictine nuns. The priest's instructions brought to a close the preparations for this great day. "How sweet was the first Kiss of Jesus to my soul," she has written. Tears of joy flowed during the thanksgiving, while she said to Our Lord, "I love Thee and wish to give myself entirely to Thee." Teresa had disappeared as a drop of water which loses itself in the ocean; Jesus remained alone; He was Lord and King.

She pronounced in the name of her companions the act of Consecration to Mary, animated with a remembrance full of gratitude for the protection of which she had been the object.

10. On June 14th, 1884, she was confirmed. In *L'Histoire d'une Ame* she has written, "I prepared myself with great care for the visit of the Holy Spirit. I cannot understand why one does not pay greater attention to the reception of this sacrament of love. The ceremony not taking place on the appointed day, I had the consolation of seeing my solitude a little prolonged. Oh, how happy my soul was! Like the Apostles, I awaited with joy the promised Comforter; I rejoiced that soon I was to be a perfect Christian, and have the mysterious cross of this ineffable sacrament engraved for ever upon my brow."

Since her sister Céline was surprised at these pious desires which children more usually manifest for their first Communion, she then revealed to her, with a holy enthusiasm and with an intelligence far above her age, all that she understood of the virtue of this sacrament, and of the taking possession of her heart, of her soul, and of her whole being by the Spirit of Love. "I did not feel," she said, "the impetuous wind of the first Pentecost,

but rather that 'gentle breeze' of which the Prophet Elias heard the whisper on the Mount of Horeb. On that day I received the strength to suffer, strength which was very necessary for me since the martyrdom of my soul was to begin soon after." In truth, the malady of scruples assailed her to such an extent, that at the age of thirteen, her father was obliged to withdraw her from the school of the Benedictines. Her sister Mary was her confidant, and encouraged her until the day when she herself quitted "Les Buissonnets" for Carmel. Teresa then sought her support in her heavenly family by invoking especially the four little angels that God had called to Himself.

11. To an exaggerated and a too personal sensitiveness succeeded an intense love for souls and a great desire to save them by prayer; this was the grace of 1886, which she calls the epoch of her conversion. The sight of the wounds of Our Lord upon the cross touched her heart. The words of Calvary, "I thirst," presented themselves to her soul in the spiritual sense, of zeal for the salvation of souls. Since at this time she often heard of an obdurate assassin, who was on the point of expiating his crimes in Paris, she employed all possible

spiritual means to obtain his conversion, and made this prayer : " My God, I am quite sure that Thou wilt pardon this miserable Pranzini. I would believe it even if he did not confess, and gave no sign of contrition, so great is the confidence that I have in Thine infinite mercy. But he is my first sinner, and on account of this I ask of Thee a sign of his repentance for my simple consolation." And on the scaffold, at the supreme moment, this sinner, obstinate until then, begged for the crucifix, which the Abbé Faure, Chaplain of the prison, gave him to kiss. The reading of the account of this scene, where the sign asked for had been obtained, filled the Servant of God with consolation.

12. Teresa strove, together with her sister Céline, to respond to grace; the *Imitation of Christ* was her habitual reading, and the text became engraved in her memory. She often communicated, and Jesus Himself instructed her. He called her when still quite young to Carmel, Céline being her only confidant. At the age of fourteen and a half, the moment seemed to her to have come to open her mind to her father; but many obstacles were to oppose this pious project. In order to triumph over them, she invoked the

Holy Spirit with great fervour and resolved on the Feast of Pentecost to make known her desire.

The sacrifice was hard for her father, but, like a true Christian, he never thought of opposing his daughter's vocation. "He spoke to me like a Saint," wrote the Servant of God, and his only objection was the extreme youth of Teresa. The other sanctions were harder to obtain; there was a momentary opposition in the family; at Carmel little encouragement except from Sister Agnes of Jesus; opposition from the Superior of Carmel, who doubtless believed in the success of dilatory means, and referred the decision to Mgr. Hugonin. Teresa pleaded her cause herself before the Bishop of Bayeux, and he, although deeply moved by the precocious vocation of this child, and still more by the generosity of her father, thought it right to give only an evasive answer on account of her great youth. The sorrow that this caused her was not able to shake her determination to respond without delay to the Divine call.

13. Monsieur Martin, in order to console Teresa, took her to Rome with her sister Céline; they joined the pilgrimage of the Diocese of Bayeux, organised on the occasion of the

Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII. She formed the design of asking from the Holy Father the authorisation which she so desired. The itinerary was arranged to combine both pleasure and devotion for the pilgrims. The beauties of nature and art charmed Teresa; the religious souvenirs touched her yet more, especially at the sanctuary of Loretto, in the Catacombs, and in the Colosseum; while the sight of the Pope and the assisting at his Mass, made the deepest impression. She wrote at this time: "I do not know how I shall set about speaking to the Pope; indeed, if God does not take all upon Himself, I do not know what I should do. But I have such great confidence in Him that He will not be able to abandon me; I leave all in His hands." At length the moment of the audience arrived. The pilgrims were admitted to kneel before His Holiness and to kiss his ring, with the express prohibition that they were not to ask any favour from him. Nevertheless, Teresa, overcoming the emotion which the first meeting with the Vicar of Jesus Christ causes to all, with her eyes bathed in tears, encouraged by her sister, and aided by grace, said to the Pope: "'Holy Father, I have a favour to ask of you.' At once," she relates, "he bent down

his head towards me, his face almost touching mine; one would have said that his deep black eyes wanted to penetrate to the depths of my soul. 'Holy Father,' I repeated, 'in honour of your jubilee, allow me to enter Carmel when I am fifteen.' M. Révéroni, the Vicar General, who was by the side of the Pope, interrupted, 'Holy Father, she is a child who desires the life of Carmel, but the Superiors are considering the matter at the present time.' 'Well, my child,' said His Holiness to me, 'do as the Superiors shall decide.'" Clasping then her hands and resting them on the knees of the Pope, she made a supreme effort. "Oh, Holy Father, if you said Yes, everyone would be willing." "Well, well," said Leo XIII to her, laying stress on each syllable, "you shall enter if God wills it so."

Great was the trial for her at not having the "Yes" she so ardently desired. The pious child had done all that lay in her power: God would do the rest. But from this moment there was, as it were, a cloud over her pilgrimage.

14. The Bishop of Bayeux was told of what had taken place at the audience of the Vatican, and on the Feast of the Holy Innocents he wrote to Carmel to give a favourable opinion.

Her entry was then postponed by the Mother Prioress, and fixed for after Lent. The servant of God has told us how she prepared herself for it, and overcame the temptation to lead, during these few months, a life less strict than usual. God made her understand the blessings of this delay. "I resolved," she wrote, "to apply myself more than ever to a serious and mortified life. When I say 'mortified,' I do not mean the penances of the Saints. Far from resembling those beautiful souls, who, from their childhood, practise all kinds of macerations, I made mine solely consist in breaking my own will, in keeping back a sharp retort, in rendering little services to those around me without setting any value upon them, and a thousand other little things of this kind. By the practice of these nothings I prepared myself to become the bride of Jesus, and I cannot tell how greatly this delay made me grow in renunciation, humility and all other virtues."

The following passage from a letter to her sister Pauline, Mother Agnes of Jesus, reveals the thoughts which animated this generous soul during this period of waiting:

My dearest little Mother,

My ship has found it very difficult to reach

port. For a long time I have been in sight of it, and yet I always find myself far away ; but Jesus guides this little boat, and I am sure that on the day chosen by Him, it will happily reach the blest shore of Carmel. Oh, Pauline, when Jesus has given me this grace, I want to give myself entirely to Him, always to suffer for Him, no longer to live but for Him. Oh, no, I shall not fear His blows, for even in the bitterest sufferings one feels that it is His sweet hand that strikes. And when I think that for a suffering borne with joy, we shall love God more for ever! Oh! if at the moment of my death I could have a soul to offer to Jesus, how happy I should be! There would be one soul less in hell, and one more to bless God for all eternity.

15. Her entry to Carmel was fixed for April 9th, 1888. The resolution to give herself all to God, which had prompted so many undertakings, did not abandon the young postulant of fifteen at the moment of departure. Fortified by Holy Communion and the blessing of her noble father, she crossed without tears the door of the enclosure, but her heart was beating so violently at the moment of separation that she asked herself whether she were not going to die. She was comforted anew by the cordial welcome of her new religious family and by an interior peace of soul which never left her, in spite of her daily bread of

aridities. Her aim, the salvation of souls and especially prayer for priests, could only be obtained by union with the cross. This she understood, and she ceased not till the day of her death to carry her cross. She had so much the more merit because she had to overcome the sensitiveness of her nature and she used to deny herself every occasion of satisfying it.

16. The Servant of God followed a retreat given by the Revd. Father Pichon, S.J., a religious very skilled in the direction of souls. To him she opened her mind with great simplicity, and he quieted her about the past and added : " My child, may Our Lord always be your superior and the master of your novitiate "; words which took nothing away from her submission to her religious superiors, in whom she saw the direct representatives of God, but which bade her let Him act directly in her soul. She turned very quickly towards the Director of directors and expanded in the shadow of the cross.

17. The ceremony of taking the habit, fixed for January 10th, 1889, was performed by Mgr. Hugonin, Bishop of Bayeux. Monsieur Martin, in spite of the fears caused by his health, was able himself to give his daughter to the Lord. The state of intellectual and

physical depression into which he soon fell was the trial that Teresa's heart dreaded and which she felt so deeply; she understood that her father, after having given his children to Heaven and the cloister, had offered himself as a victim. The troubles of her filial piety were increased by a great desolation of soul, and yet she thanked God in her sufferings and wrote to her sister Céline to console her:

January, 1889.

MY DEAR LITTLE CÉLINE,

Jesus offers you the cross, a cross which is very heavy, and you fear that you will not be able to bear it without sinking under it. Why? Our Beloved on the way of Calvary Himself fell three times: why should we not imitate our Spouse? What a privilege from Jesus! How He loves us to send us such a great sorrow! Ah! Eternity will not be long enough to bless Him for it. He loads us with His favours as He showers them on His greatest Saints. What then are His designs of love for our souls? This is a secret which will only be revealed to us in our heavenly home, on the day when "God shall wipe away all our tears."

Now we have nothing more to hope for on earth, "the refreshing mornings are past," there remains only suffering for us! A lot worthy indeed of envy! The Seraphim in heaven are jealous of our happiness.

And on February 28th, 1889:

My dear little Sister,

Jesus is "a bloody spouse" (Exodus iv., v. 26). He wants for Himself all our heart's blood. You are right, it is painful to give Him all He asks. But what a joy that it is painful! What happiness to carry our crosses "feebly"! Céline, far from complaining to Our Lord of this cross that He sends us, I cannot understand the infinite love which has moved Him to treat us thus. Our father must be very dear to God since he has so much to suffer! What delight to be humbled with him. I know that humiliation is the only way by which Saints are made; I know too that our trial is a mine of gold which we are to work. I, a little grain of sand, I mean to set myself to the work, without courage and without strength; and this very impotence will facilitate the enterprise, for I want to work by love. It is martyrdom which is beginning . . . together, my darling sister, let us enter the lists; let us offer our sufferings to Jesus for the salvation of souls.

And again on July 18th, 1890:

. . . And our dear father! Oh, my heart is torn, but how can we complain since Our Lord Himself was thought "as a man struck by God and afflicted" (Isaias liii). In this great sorrow, let us forget ourselves and pray for priests; may our life be consecrated to them. The Divine Master makes me feel more and more that He desires this of us both. . . .

18. At the completion of her postulancy, the servant of God was aspiring to her profession, when it was put off by her ecclesiastical Superior. The sacrifice was not accepted without effort, but Divine light showed her that a betrothed would not be pleasing to her Spouse if she were not adorned with beautiful attire. And so she said to God, "I am going to set to work to make a robe enriched with diamonds and with all kinds of precious stones; when Thou shalt have found me rich enough, I am sure that nothing will prevent Thee from taking me as Thy spouse." Helped by the Blessed Virgin, she courageously set herself to the task. Her efforts turned especially to religious poverty, to little hidden acts of virtue, the mortifying of self-love, for want of other mortifications which obedience forbade. She has said of this period, which lasted twenty months, "All that I am going to write in a few words would require many pages, but these pages will not be read on earth."

19. Some have been described, at least in the retreat for profession. She wrote to her sister Mary:

September 4th, 1890.

"Your little daughter hardly hears the celestial

Harmonies; her wedding journey is very barren! Her Betrothed, it is true, makes her travel over fertile and beautiful countries, but night hinders her from admiring anything, and especially from enjoying all these marvels. You will perhaps think that she grieves about it? On the contrary, she is happy to follow her Betrothed for Himself alone and not on account of His gifts. He alone, He is so beautiful, so lovely, even when He keeps silence, even when He hides Himself."

She said also:

"Far from being consoled, the most absolute aridity, almost abandonment, was my portion. Jesus was sleeping, as ever, in my little boat."

She attributed to a special blessing, received from the Holy Father, the assistance which enabled her to go through the most furious storm of her whole life. Some hours before her profession, whilst in this absolute aridity, the devil suggested to her the conviction that she was not called to Carmel, that she was deceiving her superiors in advancing on this way which was not intended for her. In this moment of anxiety and perplexity, Jesus, who used to show her, as she declares, the actual means of practising virtue, inspired her to disclose the temptation to the mistress of novices and to her superioress. As soon as this

act of humility had been accomplished, peace, a peace which surpasses all understanding, entered her heart and remained there, in spite of the tears shed for the exterior troubles which accompanied her taking of the veil. She tells them to her sister Céline in her letter of September 23rd, 1890:

"Oh, Céline, how can I tell you what passes in my soul? . . . What a wound! But I feel that it is made by a friendly hand, by a hand 'divinely jealous!' . . . All was ready for my nuptials; but do you not find that there was something wanting at the fête? It is true that Jesus had already put plenty of jewels amongst my presents, but without doubt there was one still needed of incomparable beauty, and this precious diamond Jesus has given me to-day. . . .

"Papa will not come to-morrow! Céline, I confess it, my tears have flowed . . . they are still falling while I write to you—I can hardly hold my pen. You know how much I wanted to see our dear father once more; well, now I feel that it is the will of God that he should not be at my fête. He has allowed this simply to prove our love . . . Jesus wishes me to be an orphan, He wishes that I should be alone with Him, in order to unite Himself the more intimately to me: and He wishes also to restore to me in heaven the legitimate joys that He has refused me on earth."

Our Lord did not abandon her in her numerous spiritual trials, but He consoled her

in many different ways. One day He made use of the preacher of the retreat, who, gaining a glimpse of these trials, said to her, "My child, at this moment I hold the place of God in regard to you, and I declare on His behalf that He is well pleased with your soul"; and this assurance filled her with joy. Later, it was the dean and foundress of the Carmel of Lisieux, the Revd. Mother Geneviève of Saint Teresa, a venerable religious, who at the moment of an "obscure night" in her soul, gave her this spiritual bouquet: "My little daughter, serve God in peace and joy; remember, my child, that our God is the God of peace"—words which were a rainbow in the young nun's life of trial

20. To a long period of aridity succeeded days of peace and joy. "The Divine Master," she says, "has quite changed his way of tending His little flower. Finding it, doubtlessly, sufficiently watered, He leaves it now to grow under the burning rays of a brilliant sun." Her desire for holiness redoubled. The distance, she thought, was immense between herself and a Saint. If God called her to it, He would give her the means of overcoming the distance. But how? Can there be, she said to herself, practical inventions only in

this earthly life? If one could but discover a lift in order to rise to God! She sought the secret in the sacred books. These words of Proverbs (ix., 4) seemed to her the desired solution: "Whosoever is a little one, let him come to Me," and those of Isaias (lxvi., 12, 13): "As one whom the Mother caresseth, so will I comfort you, you shall be carried at the breasts, and upon the knees they shall caress you." The precious lift was found: "It is Thy arms, O Jesus." Her only desire now was "to sing the divine mercies" and to sanctify herself in the way that God was calling her.

21. In spite of her entreaties, the Mother Prioress confided to her the charge of Mistress of Novices, without, however, giving her the title. She was then only twenty-two years old. "As soon as I penetrated," she writes, "into the sanctuary of souls, I judged at the first glance that the task was far beyond my strength, and I threw myself very quickly into the arms of God." She continues: "In understanding that it was impossible for me to do anything by myself, the task seemed to me simplified. I applied myself, interiorly and entirely, to uniting myself more and more to God, knowing that the rest 'would be added unto me.' In truth, never has my trust been deceived; my

hand was always full as often as it was necessary to feed the souls of my sisters."

22. The young mistress of novices behaved with consummate prudence in this direction of souls. She studied carefully the way that God willed for each one; she was ever on the watch, how ever much it cost her, to observe their faults and to wage a war to death against them. If her keen-sightedness, aided by grace, discovered the least faults, her kindness caused her a veritable effort in order to reprove them. "I think," she said, "the prophet Jonas greatly to be excused for having fled before the face of the Lord so as not to have to announce the destruction of Niniveh." Severity was the more difficult for the servant of God because of her youth, and yet she said, "The Lord has given me this grace, to have not the slightest fear of the warfare; at any price I must do my duty." If one of them said to her earnestly, "Do not try to make me do it by force, but by gentleness, otherwise you will get nothing," she said to herself that no one is a good judge in his own cause; that a child, whom a surgeon causes to undergo a painful operation, will not fail to scream and to say that the remedy is worse than the illness; yet when it finds itself cured, it is delighted to be able to play again

and to run about. It is the same with regard to souls; soon they recognise that a little bitterness is preferable to sugar, and are not afraid to avow it.

23. Her vigilance towards herself, in regard to sensitiveness, was not less than that exercised towards her novices. "Mother, I know," she said, "that your little lambs think me severe. . . . If they read these lines they would say that it did not seem to cost me anything to run after them and to point out to them that their beautiful fleece was soiled, or to bring back to them some flakes of wool that they lost on the wayside brambles. Let the little lambs say whatever they like; in their hearts they feel that I love them with a very great love; no, there is no danger that I shall imitate the hireling who, 'seeing the wolf coming, leaveth the sheep and fleeth.' I am ready to give my life for them, and my affection is so pure that I do not even wish that they should know it. Never, by the grace of God, have I tried to draw their hearts to myself. I have understood that my mission was to draw them to God and to you, my Mother, who are here below the visible God that they ought to love and respect. . . . Prayer and sacrifice make up all my strength, and these, my invincible

weapons, are able, much more than words, to touch the heart ; I know this from experience."

24. The first attack of the illness which was to end her life showed itself by a spitting of blood at the end of the Lent of 1896, the 3rd of April, during the night of Holy Thursday, when she was 23 years of age. This occurrence seemed to her at once " as a distant murmur which announced to her the coming of the Spouse." From a spirit of mortification, however, she remained all night without ascertaining the reality of what had happened, and on the morrow she begged earnestly to modify nothing in the régime of Holy Week.

25. God then permitted a new trial. Violent temptations against faith came to assail her and to cause her an inexpressible martyrdom. These assaults were aimed particularly against the existence of heaven. In this " dark night," she multiplied her acts and works of faith ; she offered all her sufferings in reparation for the faults committed on earth against this virtue.

26. The Servant of God has written under obedience how she was consoled momentarily in this trial. Her words are addressed to Jesus and no longer to the Mother Prioress, and she relates the dream that she had on May 10th, 1897 : " O Jesus, who could tell with what

tenderness, with what gentleness Thou leadest my tiny soul. Ever since the glorious feast of Thy triumph, the bright feast of Easter, the storm had been raging loudly within, when one day, in the month of May, Thou didst make a pure ray of Thy grace shine in my dark night. . . . Thinking of the mysterious dreams that Thou accordest sometimes to Thy favoured ones, I said to myself that this consolation was not for me; that for myself, it was night, always darkest night; and in the midst of the storm I fell asleep. On the morrow, at the first glimmer of dawn, I found myself, during my sleep, in a gallery where I was walking alone with our Mother. On a sudden, without knowing how they had entered, I perceived three Carmelites clothed in their mantles and large veils, and I knew that they had come from heaven. Oh, I thought, how happy I should be if I could see the face of one of these Carmelites. As if my prayer had been heard, the tallest of the Saints came towards me and I fell on my knees. O Joy, she raised her veil, or rather held it up and covered me with it. Without any hesitation, I recognised the venerable Mother Anne of Jesus, foundress of the Carmel in France. Her countenance was beautiful, but of an unearthly beauty; no ray

escaped from it, and yet, in spite of the thick veil which covered us both, I could see this celestial face illumined with an ineffably soft light which seemed to be produced from it. The Saint loaded me with caresses, and seeing myself so tenderly loved, I made bold to say these words, 'O my Mother, I implore you to tell me if the good God will leave me long upon this earth? Will He come soon for me?' She smiled with tenderness, 'Yes, soon . . . soon I promise you.' 'My Mother,' I continued, 'tell me also, does not the good God want something more of me than my poor little acts and my desires . . . is He satisfied with me?' Then the face of the venerable Mother shone with a new brightness, and her look appeared to me incomparably more tender. 'The good God wants nothing more of you,' she said to me; 'He is pleased, well pleased.' . . And taking my head in her hands, she covered me with such caresses that it would be impossible for me to express the sweetness of them. My heart was overflowing with happiness, but I remembered my sisters and I wanted to ask some favours for them . . . alas, I awoke. I cannot tell the peace of my soul. Several months have gone by since this wonderful dream, and yet the memory of it

has lost none of its freshness and its heavenly charm. I still see the loving look and smile of this holy Carmelite, I still seem to feel the caresses which she heaped upon me. O Jesus, Thou didst 'command the winds and the storm, and there was a great calm.' In my dream I knew and felt that there was a heaven, and that this heaven is peopled with souls who love me and look upon me as their child."

27. After some desires burning with zeal, she cried, "O Jesus, my Love! My vocation . . . at last I have found it! My vocation is Love. Yes, I have found my place in the bosom of the Church; and this place, O my God, it is Thou who hast given it to me, in the heart of the Church, my mother, I shall be love . . . I know now only one thing, to love Thee, Jesus. Mighty works are forbidden to me, I cannot preach the gospel, shed my blood. . . . But what matter? My brothers labour in my place, and I, a little child, keep close to the royal throne; I love for those who fight. . . . But how shall I testify my love, for love proves itself in deeds? . . . I have no other way to prove to Thee my love than to scatter some flowers before Thee, that is to say, to allow no sacrifice, nor look, nor word, to escape, but to profit by the smallest actions

and to do them all from love. I wish to suffer from love and even rejoice from love; thus will I scatter flowers; I will not gather one without its leaves being shed for Thee. . . . O Jesus, would that I could tell Thy wonderful condescension to all 'little Souls.' I feel that if it were possible for Thee to find one weaker than my own, Thou wouldst delight to load it with favours even greater, provided that it abandoned itself with entire confidence to Thine infinite mercy."

PART II

THEOLOGICAL VIRTUES, CARDINAL VIRTUES AND OTHER CONNECTED VIRTUES, PRACTISED BY THE SERVANT OF GOD IN A HEROIC DEGREE

THE life of the Servant of God was remarkable by the constant practice of the Christian virtues ; from an early age she fought against her childish faults. In the religious life her virtues so grew as to attain, by promptitude, generosity and an unfailing perseverance, the heroic degree, which distinguished them from the virtues practised by fervent religious, just as, in a campaign, heroes stand out amongst the brave men who surround them.

Her Virtue of Faith.

28. Teresa of the Child Jesus had a precocious faith. She showed it, when quite a little child, in her reflections on the power of God, in her thought of Heaven, in the practice of sacrifices. " I forced myself," she says, " to please Jesus in all my actions and I took great pains never to offend Him." Her first con-

fession was made in a great spirit of faith. At the age of five and a half, a sermon on the Passion touched her so deeply that she never afterwards failed to understand and enjoy all the religious instructions. She showed by her recollected attitude in Church, by the pleasure with which she spoke or heard others speak on religious subjects, a more than ordinary devotion. Her virtues reflected on her features an unearthly light. A person once said on looking at her, "What is it about this child? One sees many as pretty, but not with the same beauty. This little Teresa has something of heaven in her eyes."

29. Her faith appeared in the remote preparation for her first Communion. When her sister Céline was getting ready for this great day, Teresa was only seven, but she wished to imitate her sister and made up her mind to lead from that moment a new life, thinking that four years would not be too long to prepare herself to receive Our Lord. Helped by her sister Mary, her efforts redoubled when the time came for the immediate preparation; she shut herself up in her room in prayer in order to think of God. This is the remembrance that she kept of her first Communion: "On that day our meeting could

not be called a simple look, but a mingling: Teresa had disappeared like a drop of water which is lost in the bosom of the ocean; Jesus, Lord and King, alone remained."

30. From that time she aspired to approach frequently the Holy Table, and manifested all her life a special devotion towards the Holy Eucharist: "It is not," she said, "in order to remain in the gold ciborium that Jesus descends each day from Heaven, but in order to find another Heaven, the Heaven of our soul, where He delights to be." She did not content herself with only communicating, for in addition she undertook nothing of importance without having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up. When, at the age of fourteen, already thirsting for souls, she wished to obtain the conversion of a famous assassin named Pranzini, feeling that her little merits were insufficient, she asked her sister Céline, who had guessed her intentions, to have a Mass said for this criminal, and later, when she was given any money for her fêtes, she used to ask permission to have the Holy Sacrifice offered for him whom she called "her child." This is what she has written on the subject:

"In order to excite my zeal, the good Master showed me soon that my desires were pleasing

to Him. I heard tell of a great criminal, by name Pranzini, condemned to death for some dreadful murders, whose impenitence gave reason to fear his eternal damnation. I longed to hinder this last and irreparable evil. In order to do so, I employed all the spiritual means imaginable; and knowing that of myself I could do nothing, I offered for his ransom the infinite merits of Our Lord and the treasures of holy Church. Must I say it? I felt at the bottom of my heart the certainty of being heard. But in order to give me courage to continue in the pursuit of the conquest of souls, I made this naïve prayer: 'My God, I am quite sure that Thou wilt pardon this miserable Pranzini. I would believe it even if he did not confess, and gave no sign of contrition, so great is the confidence that I have in Thine Infinite mercy. But he is my first sinner, and on account of this I ask of Thee a sign of his repentance for my simple consolation.' . . . My prayer was answered to the letter."

31. The Servant of God nourished her soul on the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, a book that she knew by heart before entering Carmel, and on the reading of Holy Scripture: "In it I found a heavenly manna, solid and pure,

but it is especially the gospel which supports me during my prayers. There I draw all that is necessary for my poor little soul. I am ever discovering in it new light, hidden and mysterious meanings; I understand and I know by experience that the Kingdom of God is within us. Jesus has no need of doctors, nor of books to instruct souls. He, the Doctor of doctors, teaches without the sound of words. Never have I heard Him speak, but I know that He is within me. At every moment He guides me and inspires me; I receive just at the moment when I am in need illuminations hitherto unknown.

She wrote to a missionary: "Sometimes, when I read certain treatises which portray perfection through a thousand trammels, my poor little soul quickly gets tired; I close the learned book which makes my head split and dries up my heart, and I take up the Holy Scriptures. Then all appears clear to me, one single word opens out infinite horizons to my soul, perfection seems easy to me, I see that it is sufficient to recognise one's nothingness and to abandon oneself, as a child, into the arms of the good God. Leaving to great and lofty souls the beautiful books that I cannot understand, and still less put in practice, I rejoice

to be little, since children only, and those who resemble them, are admitted to the celestial banquet. Happily the Kingdom of Heaven has many mansions! for if there were only those whose description and way seem to me incomprehensible, certainly I should never enter there. . . . "

Teresa sought in the Sacred Books what she calls the " lift " to raise her up to Jesus : " I sought in the Sacred Books the information about ' the lift,' the object of my desires ; and I read these words which came forth from the mouth of the Divine Wisdom itself : ' Whosoever is a little one, let him come to me.' I then drew near to God, guessing truly that I had discovered that for which I was seeking : then, wishing to know how He would deal with the ' little one,' I continued my researches, and this is what I found : ' You shall be carried at the breasts and upon the knees, they shall caress you, as one whom the mother caresseth, so will I comfort you ' (Isaias 66, v. 12-13). Never had words more tender or more melodious come to rejoice my soul. It is Thy arms O, Jesus, which will be the lift to raise me up to Heaven. For that I have no need to grow bigger ; on the contrary, I must remain little, and become so even more. O my God, Thou

hast surpassed all my hope, and I desire now to sing Thy Mercies : ' Thou hast taught me, O God, from my youth, and till now, I will declare Thy wonderful works' (Psalm lxx.,v. 17). I will continue to tell them in the time of old age."

Later she sang :

Aux affaires du ciel daigne me rendre habile,
Montre-moi les secrets cachés dans l'Evangile.
Ah que ce livre d'or
Est mon plus cher tresor
Rappelle-toi.

32. The faith which animated her religious life and inspired her words and writings was fiercely assailed by long and violent temptations; they did but render it more meritorious. This was at the beginning of her illness. This is how she describes them : " During the bright days of Eastertide, Jesus made me understand that there are really souls without faith and without hope, who, from the abuse of grace, have lost these precious treasures, which are the only source of pure and true joys. He permitted that my soul should be invaded by the blackest darkness and that the thought of heaven, from my infancy so dear to me, should become a subject of conflict and torture.

The duration of this trial was not limited to a few days or to a few weeks, but for months I have suffered, and I still await the hour of my deliverance. I wish I could express what I feel, but that is impossible. One must have passed through this dark tunnel in order to understand its darkness. It seems to me that the darkness, borrowing the voice of the wicked one, says mockingly to me, ' You dream of light, of a country full of fragrance, you dream of the eternal possession of the Creator of these wonders, you think you will one day emerge from the mists in which you languish ; on, on, rejoicing to meet the death which will give you not that for which you yearn, but a still darker night, the night of annihilation.' Dearest Mother, this image of my trial is as imperfect as the rough sketch is to the model, yet I do not wish to write more, for I fear to utter blasphemy. . . . I fear indeed I have already said too much. Oh, may God pardon me. He knows well that although I am insensible to the joy of faith, yet I force myself to do its works. I have made more acts of faith during the past year than during the whole course of my life."

On the advice of a very enlightened religious, to whom she had confided her trouble, she used

to carry about with her the text of the Apostles' creed, which she had written with her blood. In this connection one must not be misled by her poems, written at this time, for she affirms : " When I am singing of the happiness of heaven, the eternal possession of God, I do not feel in myself the least joy, but I sing simply that which I want to believe."

33. During her whole life she had a great confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin. She owed to her manifest patronage her deliverance from a painful illness, during a novena to Our Lady of Victories. Under the most difficult circumstances, in her direction of the novices, she used to cast an interior look towards Mary. Her picture was her consolation during her illness. " Oh, how I love the Virgin Mary," she said one day. " If I had been a priest, how I would have spoken of her ! She is shown inaccessible, she must be shown imitable. She is far more a Mother than a Queen."

Her Virtue of Hope.

34. About the age of her first Communion, Jesus made known to her that the true and only glory is that which will endure for ever, and that the way to attain to it is to become

a Saint. "This desire would appear rash," she says, "if one were to consider how imperfect I was, and how I am still so after so many years passed in religion; nevertheless I ever feel the same bold confidence of becoming a great Saint. I do not count on my own merits since I have none, but I hope in Him who is Virtue and Sanctity itself. It is He alone, Who, pleased with my feeble efforts, will raise me to Himself, will clothe me with His merits and will make of me a Saint. I did not then think that it would be necessary to suffer much in order to arrive at sanctity, but the good God was not slow to disclose to me this secret."

The Servant of God was asked one day how it was that she was never discouraged in her moments of trial and abandonment. She replied: "I turn to God and to all the Saints, and I thank them all the same. I think that they want to see just how far my hope can go . . . Indeed it is not in vain that the words of Job have entered my heart: 'Although He should kill me, I will trust in Him' (Job 13, v. 15). I confess I have been long before reaching this degree of abandonment; and now I am there, the Lord has taken me and placed me there."

When she was twenty-two the Mother

Prioress gave her the charge of the direction of the novices: "As soon as I penetrated into the sanctuary of souls, I judged," she says, "at the first glance that the task was far beyond my strength, and throwing myself very quickly into the arms of the good God, I imitated little children, who, under the impulse of fear, hide their head on the shoulder of their father, and I said, 'Lord, Thou seest that I am too little to nourish Thy children; if Thou desirest to give to each one what she requires, Thou must fill my hand; and I, without leaving Thine arms and even without turning my head, will distribute Thy treasures to the soul that shall come and ask for food. Should she find it to her taste, I shall know that it is not to myself but to Thee that she owes it; on the other hand, should she complain and find that which I give to her is bitter, my peace shall not be troubled; I will try and persuade her that this nourishment comes from Thee, and I will take care not to look for anything else for her.'" Her trust was never in vain; she did the greatest good to the souls of her novices, and used to say that one obtains from God just as much as one hopes for from Him.

35. Teresa of the Child Jesus used to put as much trust in God's justice as in His goodness,

and, writing to a missionary in the year of her death, endeavoured to inspire him with the same sentiments. "If it is necessary to be most pure in order to appear before the God of all Holiness, I know, too, that He is infinitely Just, and this justice which affrights so many souls becomes an object of my joy and my confidence. To be just is not only to show severity towards the guilty, but it is also to recognise good intentions and to reward virtue. I hope for as much from the justice of God as from His Mercy ; it is because He is just 'that He is compassionate and merciful, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy. . . . For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust. . . . As a father hath compassion on his children so hath the Lord compassion on us.'" (Psalm 102, v. 8, 13, 14).

Her Charity Towards God.

36. A flame from Heaven ever animated the Servant of God. She lived only for God, Whom she loved with a strong and generous love. The piety of her childhood, her life continually in the presence of God, her application to prayer, her taste for practices of devotion; above all, the zeal which she had in seeking everything that could help to her

perfection, her way of abandoning herself as a child to God's most merciful love—all these furnish abundant proofs of this. From her early infancy, the Servant of God applied herself to correcting her faults, and was anxious to render an account of the success of her efforts. Before going to sleep she used to ask of her sister Pauline : " Have I been good to-day ? Is God pleased with me ? Will the angels hover around me ? " And always the reply was " Yes" —otherwise she would have passed the whole night in tears.

37. In *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus has recalled a very ordinary fact of her early years ; but from the supernatural meaning that she gives to it, one is able to judge of her charity and to see in it a résumé of her whole life. It was a question of dividing some little objects amongst the girls. Each one chose according to her fancy, but she stretched out her hand and said, " I choose everything." This is her interpretation : " This incident of my childhood is like a summary of my whole life. Later, when perfection presented itself to me, I understood that in order to become a Saint it is necessary to suffer much, to seek always that which is the most perfect and to forget oneself. I

understood that there are many degrees of sanctity, that each soul is free to respond to the advances of Our Lord, to do little or much for His love; in a word, to choose among the sacrifices that He asks of us. Then, as in the days of my childhood, I cried out, 'My God, I choose everything; I do not wish to be only half a Saint, I am not afraid to suffer for Thee, I only fear one thing, that is to keep my own will; take it, for I have chosen everything that Thou willest!"

38. So well did she apply herself to this that she gives the following account of a retreat after her profession. During this retreat she opened her troubled heart entirely to the preacher who was giving the exercises: "The father launched me full sail on the waves of the confidence and of the love which were so strongly drawing me, but on which I did not dare advance. He told me that my faults did not offend God. 'At this moment,' he added, 'I hold His place in regard to you; well, I assure you on His behalf that He is well pleased with your soul.' O, how delighted I was to hear these consoling words. Never had I heard before that faults could fail to offend God. This assurance filled me with joy, it enabled me to support with patience the exile

of life. Besides, such was also the echo of my secret thoughts. Yes, I had believed for a long time that the Lord is far more tender than a mother, and I know that a mother is always ready to pardon the little involuntary shortcomings of her child."

39. This pure and ardent soul kept herself incessantly in the presence of God. When one of her sisters asked her if she did not loose the presence sometimes, she appeared astonished and answered, "Oh, no; I believe that I have never been three minutes without being united to Him; it is not difficult, for one thinks naturally of anybody that one loves." One day, a sister came suddenly upon Teresa when she was working with great quickness and yet in a most recollected manner. Struck with wonder, the sister asked: "Of whom are you thinking?" "I am meditating on the Pater," was the answer; "it is so sweet to call God Our Father."

She has shown in different poems the sentiments which animated her. Here are three verses of the one called "To Live by Love."

Vivre d'amour, ce n'est pas sur la terre
Fixer sa tente au sommet du Thabor;
Avec Jésus, c'est gravir le Calvaire,
C'est regarder la croix comme un trésor!

Au ciel, je dois vivre de jouissance
Alors l'épreuve aura fui sans retour :
Mais, ici bas, je veux dans la souffrance
Vivre d'amour.

Vivre d'amour, c'est garder en soi-même,
Un grand trésor en un vase mortel.
Mon Bien-aimé, ma faiblesse est extrême !
Ah, je suis loin d'être un ange du ciel.
Mais, si je tombe à chaque heure qui passe :
Me relevant, m'embrassant tour à tour,
Tu viens à moi, tu me donnes ta grâce,
Je vis d'amour.

Vivre d'amour, c'est essuyer ta Face
C'est obtenir des pécheurs le pardon.
O Dieu d'amour, qu'ils rentrent dans ta grâce,
Et qu'à jamais ils bénissent ton nom !
Jusqu'à mon cœur retentit le blasphème,
Pour l'effacer je redis chaque jour :
O Nom sacré, je t'adore et je t'aime,
Je vis d'amour.

40. Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus used to speak of God, of His Mercy, of His Love, with such ardour and unction that there was apparent a consuming flame in her. The same flame is found in all that she has written ; souls are eager for it, for her writings make them more fervent ; and this is the secret of the rapid sale of *L'Histoire d'une Ame* in every country. On the day of her profession she carried these

lines on her heart: "O Jesus, my divine Spouse, grant that my baptismal robe may never be soiled. Take me, rather than permit me here below to stain my soul in committing the smallest voluntary fault. May creatures be nothing to me, and I nothing to them. May no things of earth ever trouble my peace. O Jesus, I only ask of Thee peace. . . . Peace, and above all a love without bounds, without limits. Jesus, may I die a martyr for Thee. Give me either the martyrdom of heart or that of the body. Oh, but better still, give me both."

41. "I do not distress myself," the Servant of God said, "even in seeing myself but weakness. Remembering that charity covereth a multitude of sins, I draw from the rich mine opened by the Lord in His holy gospel. I search in the depths of His adorable words, and I cry out with David, 'I have run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou didst enlarge my heart' (Psalm 118, v. 32). And charity alone can enlarge my heart . . . O Jesus, since this sweet flame consumes it, I run with delight in the way of Thy new commandment, and I want to run there until that happy day when, uniting myself to the company of thy virgins, I too will follow Thee into infinite

space, singing Thy new Canticle, which must be that of love."

O Cœur de Jésus, trésor de tendresse,
C'est Toi mon bonheur, mon unique espoir !
Toi qui sus bénir, charmer ma jeunesse,
Reste auprès de moi jusqu'au dernier soir.
Seigneur, a Toi seul j'ai donné ma vie,
Et tous mes désirs te sont bien connus,
C'est en ta bonté toujours infinie
Que je veux me perdre, O Cœur de Jésus.

42. The Servant of God offered herself, about two years before her death, as a holocaust to the merciful love of God in a formula inspired by the liveliest charity, which she signed on June 9th, 1895, on the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity.

AN ACT OF SELF-OBLATION AS A VICTIM OF HOLOCAUST TO GOD'S MERCIFUL LOVE.*

O my God, most Blessed Trinity, I desire to love Thee and to make Thee loved, to labour for the glory of Holy Church by saving souls who are on earth, and by delivering those who suffer in Purgatory. I desire perfectly to accomplish Thy will and to attain to that degree of glory that Thou has prepared for me in Thy Kingdom ; in a word, I desire to become a Saint, but I am conscious of my own helplessness and I beg of Thee, O my God, to be Thyself my holiness.

* This writing was found, after the death of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, in the book of the Gospels that she carried night and day next her heart.

Since Thou has so loved me as to give me Thine only Son to be my Saviour and my Spouse, the infinite treasures of His merits belong to me ; I offer them to Thee with joy, begging Thee only to look on me through the Face of Jesus and in His Heart burning with love. I also offer to Thee all the merits of the Saints who are in heaven and on earth, their acts of love, and those of the Holy Angels ; lastly, I offer to Thee, O Most Blessed Trinity, the love and merits of the Blessed Virgin, my dearest mother—it is to her that I confide my offering, praying her to present it to Thee. Her Divine Son, my well-beloved Spouse, in the days of His mortal life, said to us, " If you ask the Father anything in my name, He will give it you " (St. John, xvi., 23). I am certain then that Thou wilt hear my prayers. I know, O my God, the more Thou willest to give me, the more Thou dost make me desire. I feel in my heart immense desires, and so with confidence I beg of Thee to come and take possession of my soul. Alas, I may not receive Holy Communion as often as I wish, but, O my God, art Thou not all-powerful ? Remain in me as in the Tabernacle, and never withdraw Thyself from Thy little victim. I would that I could console Thee for the ingratitude of the wicked, and I implore Thee to take from me the power of offending Thee. If through weakness I fall, may Thy Divine look at once purify my soul, consuming my imperfections as the fire transforms all things into itself. I thank Thee, O my God, for all the graces Thou hast given me, particularly for having made me pass through the crucible of suffering. It will be with joy that I shall behold Thee at the last day, carrying the sceptre of

the cross, since Thou hast deigned to give me a share of this precious cross. I hope in heaven to resemble Thee, and to see my glorified body bright with the sacred marks of Thy passion.

After this earthly exile, I hope to rejoice with Thee in paradise ; but I do not wish to heap up merits for heaven, I want to labour solely for Thy love, with the single aim of pleasing Thee, of consoling Thy Sacred Heart, and of saving souls who will love Thee for all eternity. At the evening of this life, I shall appear before Thee empty-handed, for I do not ask Thee, Lord, to count my works. . . . " All our justices are imperfect in Thy sight." I wish then to clothe myself with Thine own Justice, and to receive from Thy love the eternal possession of Thyself. I wish for no other throne, or other crown than Thee, O my Beloved. In Thine eyes time is nothing, " For a thousand years in Thy sight are as yesterday " (Psalm lxxxix, 4). Thou canst then in a moment prepare me to appear before Thee. Finally, in order to live in an act of perfect love, I offer myself as a victim of holocaust to Thy merciful Love, imploring Thee incessantly to consume me, allowing the waves of the infinite tenderness, which are contained in Thee, to overflow in my soul, and thus I may become a martyr to Thy love, O my God. And may this martyrdom, after it has prepared me to appear before Thee, cause me at last to die, and may my soul take its flight without delay to the everlasting embrace of Thy tenderest love. I wish, O my Beloved, at each beat of my heart to renew this offering to Thee an infinite number of times, until at length the shadows, having departed

(Canticle ii., 17) I can tell Thee my love for ever face to face.

MARY FRANCES THÉRÈSE OF THE CHILD JESUS AND OF THE HOLY FACE.
rel. carm. ind.

Feast of the Most Holy Trinity,
9th June, in the year of grace 1895.

43. The more charity increased in the soul of the Servant of God, the more also she followed what she called the way of childhood and of abandonment, the refreshing fruit of love according to the words of Saint Augustine. She sang :

Mon ciel est de trouver en moi la ressemblance
Du Dieu qui me créa de son souffle puissant,
Mon ciel est de rester toujours en sa présence,
De l'appeler mon Père et d'être son enfant ;
Entre ses bras divins je ne crains pas l'orage.
Le total abandon, voilà ma seule loi.
Sommeiller sur son cœur tout près de son visage,
Voilè mon ciel à moi.

Her last words, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix that she was holding in her hand, and pronounced in the last gasps of her agony, sum up her entire life : " Oh, how I love Him, . . . my God . . . I love Thee."

44. Her love of God inspired her with the zeal for souls. She was especially united in

prayer to two missionaries, and she offered her merits to help their apostolate. She thus reveals the depth of her thought : " Since the zeal of a Carmelite ought to embrace the world, I hope also, by the grace of God, to be of use to more than two missionaries. I pray for all, not omitting simple priests, whose ministry is sometimes as difficult as that of the apostles preaching to the infidel. Indeed, I want to be ' a daughter of the Church ' as our Mother, Saint Teresa ; and to pray for all the intentions of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. This is the chief aim of my life."

When very young this thought of zeal pursued her. In 1889, at the age of 16, and while still a novice, she wrote to her sister : "Céline, during the short time that remains to us, let us save souls ; I feel that our Spouse asks souls of us, the souls of priests above all. . . . It is His Will that I tell you this : There is only one thing to do here below, to love Jesus, to save souls for Him in order that He may be loved. Let us be jealous of the smallest opportunities to make Him glad, let us refuse Him nothing. He has such need of love." She declared in the solemn examination which preceded her profession : " I have come in order to save souls and especially to pray for priests."

45. The numberless sacrifices that she daily offered up, the dryness of soul, the sufferings of her body, were all aimed at the salvation of souls; and in like manner this desire which filled her heart often prompted her words and poems.

She thus addresses herself to Jesus:

Rappelle-toi cette fête des Anges
Cette harmonie au royaume des cieux
Et le bonheur des sublimes phalanges
Lorsqu'un pécheur vers Toi lève les yeux.
Ah, je veux augmenter cette grande allégresse
Jésus, pour les pécheurs je veux prier sans cesse.
Que je vins au Carmel
Pour peupler ton beau ciel,
Rappelle-Toi.

Rappelle-Toi cette douce flamme
Que Tu voulais allumer dans les cœurs:
Ce feu du ciel, Tu l'as mis en mon âme
Je veux aussi répandre ses ardeurs.
Une faible étincelle, O mystère de vie,
Suffit pour allumer un immense incendie.
Que je veux, O mon Dieu,
Porter au loin Ton feu,
Rappelle-Toi.

In the *History of a Soul* written by herself, this zeal suggests to the Servant of God expressions full of enthusiasm:

To be Thy spouse, O Jesus, to be a Carmelite, to be

by my union with Thee, the Mother of Souls—all this ought to suffice for me. Yet I feel within me other vocations; I feel the vocation of warrior, of priest, of apostle, of doctor, of martyr . . . I would accomplish all the most heroic works, I feel the courage of a crusader, I would die on the field of battle in defence of the Church. A priest's vocation! With what love, O Jesus, would I hold Thee in my hands when my voice has caused Thee to come down from heaven! With what love would I give Thee to souls! But alas, even when desiring to be a priest, I admire and envy the humility of Saint Francis of Assisi, and I feel the vocation to imitate him by refusing the sublime dignity of the priesthood. How unite these contrasts? I would enlighten souls, as did the prophets and doctors. I would travel over the earth to preach Thy name and plant Thy glorious cross on heathen soil, O my Beloved; but one mission alone would not satisfy me; I would at the same time proclaim the gospel in every part of the world, even in the most distant isles. I would be a missionary, not only for a few years, but I desire to have been one since the creation of the world, and to continue to be one even to the consummation of the ages. O, but above all I desire martyrdom. Martyrdom—this was the dream of my childhood, a dream that has grown within me in my little cell of Carmel. But this is another folly, for I desire not only one kind of torture; in order to satisfy myself I must have them all. . . .

Like Thee, my beloved Spouse, I would be scourged, crucified. . . . I would die flayed like S. Bartholomew; like Saint John I would be plunged in boiling oil;

I long like Saint Ignatius of Antioch to be crushed by the teeth of beasts, in order to become a bread worthy of God. With Saint Agnes and Saint Cecilia, I would present my neck to the sword of the executioner; and, like Joan of Arc at the burning stake, murmur the name of Jesus.

46. Even these desires did not satisfy the Servant of God, and her zeal will not end with life, for she desired "to pass her heaven in doing good on earth."

She wrote to one of her missionary brothers: "What draws me towards Heaven is the call of God, the hope of loving Him at last as I have so greatly longed to do, and the thought that I shall be able to make Him loved by a multitude of souls who will bless Him for all eternity." And on another occasion, "I intend not to remain inactive in heaven. My desire is still to work for the Church and for souls. This I beg of God, and I am sure that He will hear me. You will see that if I leave the battlefield, it is not with the selfish desire of repose."

Her Charity Towards Her Neighbour.

47. Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus had, when quite young, a touching charity for the poor—one felt that she loved them. When,

during the family walks, poor people were met with, it was always Teresa who gave them alms, and she used to look at them with an air full of tenderness and respect. She eagerly asked leave, when ten years old, to go and take care of a poor woman of the neighbourhood who was dying and who had no one to help her, and she also used to catechise the children.

48. Having entered Carmel, the Servant of God used to seek every opportunity of rendering services to the sisters by a thousand little hidden acts of virtue, and when a serious epidemic of influenza broke out in the Carmel of Lisieux, she, who was almost the only healthy one, multiplied her attentions with the sick and dying. She unceasingly endeavoured to penetrate the meaning of what Our Lord calls His " new Commandment," in order to render her charity more supernatural and to practise it better.

She wrote, " Jesus has made known to me His will when at the last supper He gave His new commandment, and said to His Apostles, ' That they should love one another as He had loved them.' . . . And I set to work to find out how Jesus had loved His disciples ; I saw that it was not for their natural qualities, for they were ignorant and taken up with earthly

thoughts. Nevertheless He calls them His friends, His brethren ; He desires to have them near Him in the Kingdom of His Father and to open to them this Kingdom ; He wills to die upon the cross, saying that there is no greater love than to give one's life for those one loves. I saw how imperfect my love was for my sisters, I understood that I did not love them as Jesus loves them. O, now I know that true charity is to bear with all the faults of one's neighbour, not to be astonished at his weaknesses, to be edified at his smallest virtues ; and above all, I learnt that charity ought not to remain shut up at the bottom of the heart, for 'neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house' (S. Matt. 5, v. 15). It seems to me, Mother, that this candle represents the charity which ought to enlighten and gladden, not only those who are dearest to me, but all those who 'are in the house.'" And she gave herself up to it with all her heart.

49. She also said : "Yes, I feel that when I am charitable, it is Jesus alone who acts in me : the more I am united to Him, the more also do I love all my sisters. If I wish this love to increase in my heart and the devil tries to put

before me the faults of such or such sister, I hasten to discover her virtues and her good desires ; I say to myself that if I have seen her fall once, she may very well have gained a great number of victories which out of humility she hides ; and that, even what appears to me to be a fault may very well be, on account of the intention, an act of virtue . . . I have much less difficulty in persuading myself of this, since I had an experience of it myself. One day, during recreation, the portress came to ask for the help of a sister for a particular work. I had a childish desire to be employed in this task, and the choice fell on me. I began at once to fold up my work, but so slowly that my neighbour had folded up hers before me, for I knew it would please her to take my place. The sister who had asked for help, seeing me so little hurried, said smilingly, ' Ah, I thought that you would not put this pearl in your crown, you are too slow for that ' ; and all the Community thought that I had acted from natural feeling."

50. She thus describes her victory over a natural antipathy : " A holy religious of the community used formerly to displease me in everything, and the devil certainly mixed himself up in it, for it must have been he who made

me see in her so many disagreeable qualities. Not wishing to yield to the natural antipathy that I felt, I said to myself that charity ought not only to consist in sentiments, but ought to show itself in deeds. Therefore I set to work to do for this sister all that I would have done for the person that I most loved. Each time that I met her, I prayed to God for her, offering to Him all her virtues, and all her merits. I felt that this pleased my Jesus greatly; for there is no artist who does not like to receive praise for his works, and the Divine Artist of souls is glad when one does not stop at the exterior, but penetrates to the secret sanctuary that He has chosen for His dwelling place, and admires the beauty of it. I did not content myself only by praying much for her who gave me so many battles, but I endeavoured to render her all possible services; when I was tempted to answer her in a disagreeable manner, I forced myself to give her a pleasant smile, and tried to turn the conversation, for it is said in the *Imitation*, 'It is more profitable to leave to every one his own way of thinking than to give way to contentious discourses" (*Imi.* ch. xliv.). And often, when the devil tempted me violently and I could manage to slip away without her perceiving my inward

struggle, I used to run away like a deserting soldier . . . and in the midst of all this, she said to me one day with a radiant air : 'My sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, would you mind telling me what attracts you so much towards me? Whenever I meet you, you give me a most gracious smile.' Ah, that what attracted me was Jesus, hidden in the depth of her soul, Jesus who makes sweet everything that is most bitter."

51. In her intercourse with the religious of her community, she imposed on herself the sacrifice of never seeking the society of her three sisters, in spite of her great affection for them, in order that charity towards her family of Carmel might have nothing to suffer. She used to make herself all to all, saying, "What feast could I offer to my sisters if it be not a spiritual feast made up of loving and joyful charity? No, I do not know of any other, and I wish to imitate St. Paul, who used to rejoice with those whom he found joyful. It is true that he wept with the afflicted, and tears ought sometimes to appear at the feast that I desire to serve, but I shall always try that the tears may give place to smiles since the Lord 'loveth the cheerful giver.'"

52. Often it was necessary to fight with

energy ; she had a real battle in order to overcome her nature. She tells several things like the following :

" During prayer I was for a long time not far from a sister who did not cease rattling either her rosary or I do not know what else. Perhaps I alone heard it, for I have very keen hearing, but to describe the annoyance that I felt from it would be impossible. How I wanted to turn my head and give the culprit a look to make her stop the noise ! But at the bottom of my heart I felt that it would be better to suffer it patiently, first for the love of God, and then also in order to avoid giving her pain." In spite of the sensitiveness of her nature, the Servant of God ever preserved her sweetness and charitableness of manner : if anyone pained her, she never showed any coldness, but on the contrary redoubled her kindness and attentions.

53. She surrounded with quite a sisterly care and attention a lay sister, Sister Saint Peter, whose great age and numerous infirmities had made her rather exacting. This charitable ministry was continued for quite a long time, and has found a place in the *History of a Soul.* " I recall an act of charity which the good God inspired me to do when I was still a novice.

For this act, quite little in appearance, the Heavenly Father, 'who seeth in secret,' has already rewarded me without waiting for the other life. It was before my sister Saint Peter became altogether an invalid. It was necessary in the evening, at ten minutes to six, for some one to break off her prayer in order to help her to the refectory. It cost me much to offer my services, for I knew the difficulty, or rather the impossibility of satisfying the poor invalid. Nevertheless I did not want to miss such a good opportunity of practising charity, remembering the divine words 'As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me' (S. Matt. 25, v. 40). I then humbly offered to help her, and it was not without difficulty that I succeeded in getting her to accept my services. At length I set myself to the task with such goodwill that I succeeded perfectly. Every evening when I saw her shake her hour-glass, I knew that that meant, 'We must be moving.' Summoning all my courage, I rose, and then quite a ceremony commenced. It was first necessary to move and carry the bench in a special manner—above all she was not to be hurried—and then the walk took place. It was a question of following this good sister and holding her by the girdle; I did it with

the greatest possible care, but if by chance I made a false step, at once it seemed to her that I was holding her badly, and that she was about to fall. 'Ah, you are going too fast; I shall break all my bones!' If I then tried to lead her more slowly: 'Now then, follow me; I do not feel your hand; you are letting go of me. I shall fall. There, did not I say that you were too young to help me.' At last we arrived at the refectory without accident. There other difficulties arose, for I had to instal my poor invalid in her place and act dexterously in order not to hurt her; then turn up her sleeves, always in a special way; and after that I was free to go. But I soon noticed that she used to cut her bread with great difficulty, and so then I never left her without rendering her this last service. Since she had never expressed to me any wish for this, she was very touched at my attention, and it was by these means, which were quite unsought, that I gained her entire confidence, and especially, as I have learnt since, because after all these little services I used to give her, as she said, my sweetest smile."

The poor invalid has herself wished to give an account of this in all its details in order to transmit to Carmel her admiration for this unfailing charity.

54. When Teresa of the Child Jesus had charge of the novices, her devoted charity was ceaselessly employed on their behalf. She gave to them all her time, and multiplied her care and sacrifices for their advancement. Finally, at the approach of death, she manifested her desire to continue her works of charity. "I wish," she said, "to pass my heaven in doing good on the earth," which indeed is realised each day and on all sides.

55. Her charity extended to the souls in Purgatory, and she ever showed a great zeal to help them. She made in their favour the heroic act, giving to them all the merits that she gained during life and all the suffrages that should be offered for her after her death. She had a great zeal for gaining indulgences, and to the Blessed Virgin she resigned the dispensing of the riches which she gained from indulgences or from her own sacrifices. She would have liked, on the day of her profession, to have been able to deliver all the souls detained in Purgatory. All her life she worked for their relief by making the Stations of the Cross, by the recitation of the prayer, "O good and most sweet Jesus" . . . and by the six Paters and Aves of the Scapular of the Immaculate Con-

ception; all of which she persevered in until the last days of her life.

Virtue of Prudence.

56. The Servant of God practised at a very early age the virtue of prudence both in her personal conduct and in her direction of the novices. In order to respond without delay to the call of God and to enter the cloister at fifteen years of age, delicate negotiations were necessary, for the circumstances were particularly difficult. Teresa put all her confidence in the Holy Spirit, she besought the Apostles to protect her; and she chose the day of Pentecost as the day on which to declare her desire to her father. This consent obtained, she carried her request before the Ecclesiastical superior and the Mothers of Carmel, and then, in spite of her timidity, before the Bishop of Bayeux. Prayer alone hindered her from becoming cast down by the manifold oppositions that she met with on her way. "The Divine call became so urgent," she said, "that, had it been necessary to pass through flames, I would have cast myself into them in order to respond to Our Lord."

57. Finally her personal request, and her entreaties before the Sovereign Pontiff himself,

in spite of the intense emotion which everyone —how much more a child of fourteen ?—felt at a first solemn audience with Pope Leo XIII, indicate the supernatural prudence with which she behaved in these difficulties in order to respond to the pressing call of God.

58. The virtue of prudence shows itself to be far beyond her age in this letter of a novice of fifteen to her cousin Mary Guérin, who was later to follow her to Carmel : " Before receiving your confidences (on the subject of scruples) I had a presentiment of your anguish ; my heart was united to yours. Since you have the humility to ask counsel of your little Teresa, she is going to tell you what she thinks ; you have caused me much pain in giving up your Communions, because you have also caused it to Jesus. The devil must be very cunning to deceive a soul in such a way. Do you not know, my darling, that you make him thus attain the object of his desires ? He is not ignorant, the wretch, that he cannot cause a soul to sin who wishes to belong entirely to God ; therefore, he only tries to persuade her that she is sinning. This is in itself a great deal, but it is not enough for his fury . . . he tries other things, he wishes to deprive Jesus of a well-beloved tabernacle. Not being able

himself to enter this sanctuary, he wants it, at any rate, to remain empty and without a master. Alas, what will become of this poor heart . . . When the devil has succeeded in withdrawing a soul from Communion, he has gained everything, and Jesus weeps. O my little Mary, think then that this sweet Jesus is there in the Tabernacle on purpose for you, for you alone, and that He burns with desire to enter your heart. Do not listen to the demon, laugh at him and go without fear to receive the Jesus of peace and of love. But I hear you say, Teresa thinks this because she does not know my miseries. Yes, she knows quite well, she guesses all, she assures you that you can go without fear to receive your true Friend. She has also endured the martyrdom of scruples, but Jesus gave her the grace to communicate always, even when she thought she had committed great sins. Well, I assure you that she recognised that that was the only way of getting rid of the demon, for if he sees that he is losing his time, he leaves us in peace.

"No, it is impossible that a heart, whose only repose is to gaze on the Tabernacle—and such is yours, you tell me—should offend Our Lord to the extent of not being able to receive Him. What offends Jesus, what wounds His Heart,

is want of confidence. Pray to Him much that your most beautiful years be not passed in vain fears. We have only the few moments of life to spend for the glory of God ; the devil knows it well, and it is for this reason that he endeavours to make us waste them in useless works. Dearest little sister, communicate often, very often ; this is the only remedy, if you wish to be cured."

If the Servant of God so wisely replied to her cousin, she did not herself behave with less prudence, in order to follow this direction, given by her Confessor, in whom she seemed to hear the word of God : " My child, may Our Lord ever be your superior and your master of novices." She followed it, without offending anyone and giving always the most entire marks of deference.

59. The precocious maturity and prudence of Sister Teresa were so well known that the Mother Prioress of Carmel confided to her, when she was 22, the care of instructing and of forming the novices. She wrote : " In understanding that it was impossible to do anything by myself, the task seemed to me to be simplified. I occupied myself interiorly and entirely in uniting myself more and more to God, knowing that the rest would be added

to me." She explains herself as follows on the difficulty of her office: "From a distance it seems easy to do good to souls, to make them love God more, to model them according to one's ideas and thoughts. From near, on the contrary, one feels that to do good is a thing just as impossible, without the Divine assistance, as to bring back the sun to our hemisphere during the night. One realises that it is necessary to forget absolutely one's fancies and one's personal ideas and to guide souls, not by one's own idea or by one's own way, but by the particular road that Jesus points out to them. And this is not even the most difficult thing. What costs me more than all else is to observe their faults, their smallest imperfections, and to wage a war to death against them. I was about to say, 'unhappily for me'—but no, that would be cowardice—I will say then, happily for my sisters, for since I have taken my place in the arms of Jesus, I am as the watchman observing the enemy from the highest turret of a fortified castle. Nothing escapes my sight; often I am astonished that I see so clearly; and I find the Prophet Jonas to be very excusable in flying from the Face of the Lord in order not to announce the destruction of Niniveh. I would much rather receive a

thousand reproofs than have to give a single one, but I feel that it is very necessary that this task should be a suffering for me, for when one acts from nature it is impossible for the soul in fault to understand that she is in the wrong; she simply thinks this: 'The Sister charged to direct me is put out and her displeasure falls upon me, who am nevertheless filled with the best intentions.'"

60. The prudence of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus was altogether supernatural. Speaking of her way of acting towards the novices, she said to the Mother Prioress: "Mother, it is the same here with me as with all else, I must meet in everything with abnegation and sacrifice; thus I feel that a letter will produce no fruit unless I write it with a certain amount of repugnance and for the sole motive of obedience. When I speak to a novice, I am on the watch to mortify myself, and I avoid asking her questions which might satisfy my curiosity. If I notice that she begins an interesting subject, then, without finishing it, passes on to something else which wearies me, I take good care not to recall her from this interruption, for it seems to me that one can do no good by seeking one's own satisfaction.

61. Her prudence combined compassionate kindness with firmness. In order to help a novice, who could not accustom herself not to raise her eyes in the refectory, according to the rule, she composed the following prayer, asking for herself the grace for which the novice only had need : " Jesus, Thy two little spouses make the resolution of keeping their eyes cast down in the refectory, in order to honour and to imitate the example that Thou hast given them before Herod. When this wicked prince mocked Thee, O infinite Beauty, never a complaint came from Thy lips —Thou didst not even deign to cast Thy adorable Eyes on him. Oh, without doubt, Divine Jesus, Herod did not deserve to be looked upon by Thee, but we who are Thy spouses, we desire to draw upon ourselves Thy Divine glance. We beg Thee to reward us by this look of love, each time that we deny ourselves by not raising our eyes ; and even we beg Thee not to refuse us this sweet glance when we fall, since we will humble ourselves for it sincerely before Thee."

62. The Servant of God used to reply with precision and often with an unction full of charm to the requests that were made to her, as the following circumstance, related by one of her novices, proves : " I wanted to deprive

myself of Holy Communion for an infidelity which had caused her much pain, but for which I was heartily sorry. I wrote my resolution to her, and here is the note that she sent me: "Beloved little flower of Jesus, this is quite sufficient: that, by the humiliation of your soul, 'your roots eat of the earth' . . . it is necessary to half-open, or rather to raise very high, your corolla in order that the Bread of Angels may come, as a Divine dew, to strengthen you and to give you all that is needful. Good night, poor little flower; ask of Jesus that all the prayers which are said for my cure may serve to increase the fire which is to consume me."

Another relates: "In the infirmary we could hardly wait until her thanksgiving was finished before speaking to her, and asking her advice. At first she was grieved at it and reproached us gently about it. Then she soon let us alone, saying: 'I was thinking that I ought not to desire more repose than Our Lord. When He fled to the wilderness after His preaching, the people came at once to trouble His solitude. Come to me as much as you like. I must die ready armed, having in my mouth the sword of the spirit which is the Word of God'" (Ephesians vi., 17).

63. Her power of direction did not come from a purely human prudence, but from her example, from her self-denial and from her love of souls. Her union with God was continual; she used unceasingly to have recourse to Him, and He never failed to guide her on occasions of peculiar difficulty, such as are met with at times in a community life, and these were not spared to her.

Virtue of Justice.

64. The Servant of God never ceased to practise the virtue of justice towards God and the Saints by the devotion that she paid to them. When quite young, she used to love religious ceremonies and the frequenting of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion.

In Carmel, she had the greatest devotion for the Divine Office. At the close of her life, she thus expressed herself: "I can say that the Office has been at the same time both my joy and my martyrdom, because I had a great desire to recite it well and not to make any mistakes in it. I do not believe that it is possible to have desired more than I did to recite the Divine Office perfectly and to assist well in choir. How proud I was when it was

my week to say the prayers all alone in the middle of the choir, because I remembered that the priest said the same prayers at Mass and that I had the right, like him, to speak aloud before the Blessed Sacrament."

During her illness, although she was dispensed from the Divine Office, she wished to say the office of the dead for the deceased sisters, and only left off on account of the command which obliged her to relinquish it.

65. Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, who was indebted to Our Lady of Victories for her cure from the illness which had so greatly saddened her childhood, had ever a very filial devotion for Mary, and a special reverence for the statue before which she had been cured. She joyfully recited in the name of her companions the act of consecration to Mary on the day of her first Communion. She wished to be made a Child of Mary at the Abbey of the Benedictines of Lisieux. The daily recitation of the Rosary, of the Memorare and of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, at the commencement of the day, were practices which were always dear to her, and she wished to place the writing of her manuscript under the special protection of the Mother of God. The first of her verses was in her honour, and the

last poem which sprang from her heart was, "Why I love thee, O Mary" (Pourquoi je t'aime, O Marie).

66. The Servant of God had a devotion full of confidence towards Saint Joseph; when she was a child, his statue used to occupy a place of honour in her room, and each day she used to recite the prayer, "O Saint Joseph, father and protector of virgins . . ."

In Carmel, the example of Saint Teresa increased her devotion and confidence, and she used to beg him to obtain for her a more frequent reception of the Eucharist at a time when the practice of receiving Holy Communion was made more difficult in the Carmel of Lisieux, and she hailed with joy the freeing decree of Leo XIII.

It is unnecessary to mention her devotion for Saint Teresa, her mother and patron, and for Saint John of the Cross.

67. She honoured the angels of heaven and her own guardian angel; she nourished her piety with the examples of the apostles and saints and knew how to quote them very judiciously in her direction. She wrote to her sister Céline on October 30th, 1893:

MY DEAREST SISTER,

You tell me that you feel your weakness;

this is a grace ; for it is Our Lord Who impresses on your soul these feelings of mistrust of yourself. Do not fear—if you remain faithful in giving Him pleasure in little things, He will be obliged to help you in great ones. The Apostles, without Him, laboured long, a whole night, without catching any fish ; their toil, nevertheless, was pleasing to Him, but He willed to show that it is He alone Who can give us anything. He asked only an act of humility : " Children, have you anything to eat ? " and St. Peter avows his impotence. " Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing." It was enough, the Heart of Jesus is touched, He is moved. . . . Perhaps if the Apostles had caught some small fish, the Divine Master would not have worked the miracle ; but he had " nothing." Then by the Divine power and goodness the nets were soon filled with great fishes. Here is truly the character of our Lord : He gives as God, but He desires humility of heart.

She had a special devotion to Saint Agnes, and for two Servants of God beatified since her death, the Blessed Joan of Arc and the Blessed Théophane Vénard. To Joan of Arc she has consecrated a great part of her verses, and she most ardently prayed for her beatification. The letters of the Blessed Théophane Vénard charmed her, and she used to admire in him the zeal of the missionary and the generosity of the martyr.

68. When the Servant of God had the care of the sacristy, her spirit of piety was shown in the care she took for the sacred vestments, by her religious respect for the sacred vessels and linen, by her zeal in preparing the flowers for the altar, and in decking a statue of the Child Jesus which had been entrusted to her.

Vows of Religion.

The Servant of God never ceased to practise justice by her faithfulness unto death to the three vows of religion.

Vow of Poverty.

69. "During my postulancy," she said, "I was pleased to have for my use things well made, and to have at hand what was necessary for me. Jesus suffered that patiently, for He does not care to show everything at once to souls. Since taking the habit, I have received abundant lights on religious perfection, principally in regard to the vow of poverty." And when, by inadvertence, a sister had one evening taken her lamp, she remained in the dark, thinking herself happy to be deprived of what was necessary for her; she tried to have things which were ugly and least convenient; in her food she never showed any reluctance when

she was served with scraps or with dishes that her stomach could only with difficulty digest. These practices cost her much, but she always knew how to mortify herself.

70. The Servant of God also strove to overcome her impatience when objects intended for her use were taken away. She wrote: "If it is difficult to give to one that asks, it is still more difficult to allow what is one's own to be taken away without asking for it back again. My Mother, I say that this is difficult, but I ought rather to say that it seems difficult, for the yoke of Our Lord is sweet and light; when one accepts it, one feels at once its sweetness. I used to say: 'Jesus does not will that I should lay claim to what belongs to me'; this should appear quite natural to me since in reality nothing belongs to me as my own; I ought then to rejoice when it comes to pass that I feel the poverty of which I have taken the solemn vow. Formerly I used to think that this was enough, but since the words of Jesus have become clear to me, I see how very imperfect I am. For example, if, when I sit down to my work of painting, I find my brushes all in disorder, or if a ruler or a knife has disappeared, my patience is well nigh lost,

and I have as much as I can do not to reclaim with some bitterness the things of which I am in need. I can, of course, ask for those things that are indispensable, and in doing so with humility I am not failing in the command of Jesus ; on the contrary, I act like the poor who hold out their hand to receive what is necessary."

71. She extended this practice to spiritual goods in a very meritorious way : " When the Divine Master tells me to ' give to him who asketh of me and to let him take that which belongs to me without asking it again,' I think that He does not only speak of the goods of the earth, but that He also means the goods of Heaven. Besides, neither the one nor the other are my own. I have renounced the first by the vow of poverty, and the second are equally lent to me by God, Who is able to withdraw them from me without it being lawful for me to complain. But the deep and personal thoughts, the gleams of intelligence and heart, form a treasure to which one attaches oneself as to something entirely one's own, and which no one has a right to touch. For example, if I communicate to one of my sisters some light from my prayer, and she at once reveals it as coming from herself, it seems that

she appropriates what is mine ; or if some one says something witty and to the point during recreation in a whisper to her companion which she, without making known its source, repeats out loud, this appears as a theft from the owner, who does not lay claim to it, although she would like to and will seize the first opportunity to make it clearly known that some one has appropriated her ideas. My Mother, I could not explain so well these sad feelings of human nature if I had not experienced them myself, and I should have liked to cheer myself with the sweet illusion that I alone have been visited by them, if you had not bade me hear the temptations of the novices. I have learnt much in fulfilling this mission that you have confided to me ; above all, I have seen myself obliged to practise what I have taught. Yes, now I can say I have received the grace of not being more attached to the goods of the soul and of the heart than to those of the earth. If I happen to think or to say anything which pleases my sisters, it seems quite natural to me that they should appropriate it as something belonging to them : this thought belongs to the Holy Spirit and not to me, since Saint Paul assures us that we cannot, without this spirit of love, give to God

the name of Father. He is then quite free to make use of me in order to give some good thought to a soul, and I cannot assume that this thought is my own property."

Vow of Chastity.

72. The Servant of God, even when quite young, was remarkable for a great love of purity. It was only with difficulty that she was persuaded to follow the necessary treatment for her weak state of health (such as douches), so greatly did she fear to wound purity. As a Carmelite, this beautiful virtue shines during all her life, she praises it in her verses, and ever honours Saint Agnes with special devotion. She composed the following canticle:

CANTICLE OF SAINT AGNES

Le Christ est mon amour; il est toute ma vie,
Il est le Fiancé qui seul ravit mes yeux
J'entends déjà vibrer de sa douce harmonie
Les sons mélodieux.

Son empire est le ciel, sa nature est divine,
Une Vierge ici-bas, pour mère, il se choisit;
Son Père est la vrai Dieu qui n'a pas d'origine,
Il est un pur Esprit.

Lorsque j'aime le Christ et lorsque je le touche
Mon cœur devient plus pur, je suis plus chaste encore;
De la virginité, le baiser de sa bouche
M'a donné le trésor.

Il a déjà posé son signe sur ma face
Afin que nul amant n'ose approcher de moi ;
Mon cœur est soutenu par la divine grâce
De mon aimable Roi.

When she wrote to a novice for her profession that chastity will be her weapon in life, it is because she herself each day fought with this weapon.

La Chasteté me rend la sœur des anges,
De ces esprits purs et victorieux.
J'espère un jour voler en leurs phalanges,
Mais, dans l'exil, je dois lutter comme eux.
Je dois lutter, sans repos et sans trêve
Pour mon Époux, le Seigneur des seigneurs.
La Chasteté, c'est le céleste glaive
Qui peut lui conquérir des cœurs.
La Chasteté, c'est mon arme invincible ;
Mes ennemis, par elle, sont vaincus ;
Par elle je deviens, O bonheur indicible !
L'épouse de Jésus.

The Servant of God was not scrupulous in her direction ; and her habit of always keeping in the presence of God made her act with a great reserve. This angel of purity confided to one of her sisters that she had never been tempted against this virtue.

Vow of Obedience.

73. Teresa of the Child Jesus set herself to

practise obedience and to triumph over her character; many are the examples during her childhood which could be quoted. Having become a religious, she obeyed in the Spirit of Faith all those who were over her. For this she was ready on every occasion, and she said to her superioress: "My Mother, you are the compass that Jesus has given me to guide me safely to the eternal shore. How sweet it is for me to fix my gaze on you and to accomplish then the will of God. While allowing me to suffer temptations against faith, the Divine Master has much increased the spirit of faith in my heart, and this makes me see Him living in your soul, and communicating to me by you His blessed commands. I know well, Mother, that you make the yoke of obedience sweet and light for me, but it seems to me, from my secret feelings, that I should not change my behaviour, and that my filial love would suffer no diminution, should it please you to treat me severely, because I should still see the will of God manifesting itself in another way for the greater good of my soul."

74. Her obedience went so far as to comply with the demand of all the sisters who requested anything of her, and if some recommendation settled a point of trifling importance, she at

once entirely conformed to it. During her illness, her infirmarian had counselled her to take a little walk each day for a quarter of an hour in the garden. This counsel became for her an order. One afternoon, a sister, seeing her walking with great difficulty, said to her, "You would do much better to rest. Your walk cannot do you good under such conditions —you are only exhausting yourself." "That is true," she replied, "but do you know what gives me strength? Well, I am walking for a missionary. I think that, far away, one of them is perhaps exhausted in his apostolic journeys, and in order to lessen his fatigues, I am offering mine to God."

75. This is how she speaks of obedience:

L'ange orgueilleux au sein de la lumière,
S'est écrié, " Je n'obeirai pas."
Moi je répète en la nuit de la terre ;
Je veux toujours obéir ici bas
Je sens en moi naître une sainte audace,
De tout l'enfer je brave la fureur.
L'obéissance est ma forte cuirasse
Et le bouclier de mon cœur.
O Dieu, vainqueur ! Je ne veux d'autres gloires,
Que de soumettre en tout ma volonté ;
Puisque l'obéissant redira ses victoires
Toute l'eternité.

Virtue of Fortitude.

76. If we study the life of the Servant of God in its details, we find every day examples of Christian fortitude. Of an ardent and sensitive nature, she attained a complete self-mastery, always preserving an even and kindly demeanour, in the midst even of trials and sufferings.

"On the day of my confirmation I received," she says, "the strength to suffer, a strength which was very necessary for me, for the martyrdom of my soul was to begin soon after." In the same way, it was to the Holy Spirit that she appealed for support in the many difficulties and apparent checks which preceded her entry into Carmel. At the very moment of separation she only heard sobs, but did not herself shed any tears. Yet, she says: "Whilst on the way to present myself at the door of the enclosure, my heart beat so violently that I asked myself if I was not about to die. Oh, what a moment, what agony! One must have felt it in order to understand it. I embraced my relations and knelt before my father to receive his blessing. He knelt down himself and whilst weeping blessed me." Teresa displayed a heroic fortitude in preserving

whilst so young a profound peace in her new life in spite of the anguish that she suffered.

77. The fortitude of the Servant of God showed itself in her energy in supporting, from the very beginning, all the austerities of the rule, the dryness of soul, and the severity which governed her early training. She wrote : " I have found the religious life such as I had imagined it, no sacrifice astonished me, and yet you know, Mother, that my first steps met with more thorns than roses. At first I had only for my soul the daily bread of bitter dryness. Then God permitted, my dearest Mother, that even without your knowing it, I was treated very severely by you. I could never meet you without receiving some reproof. Once I remember that, having overlooked a cobweb in the cloister, you said to me before the whole community, ' It is easy to see that our cloisters are swept by a child of fifteen. What wretched work — go and take away that cobweb, and be more careful for the future.' During the rare occasions when I was with you for an hour's spiritual direction, I was scolded almost all the time, and what caused me most pain was not to be able to understand how to correct my faults—for example, my remissness, and my little devotion

in the offices; faults, my Mother, which you pointed out in your solicitude and care for me."

78. Her fortitude showed itself in a generous way by enduring these sacrifices: "During the time of my postulancy, our mistress used to send me every evening at half-past four to weed in the garden; that used to cost me much especially, my Mother, because I was almost sure to meet you on the way. You said on one of these occasions: 'But indeed this child does absolutely nothing. What kind of a novice is this, whom it is necessary to send every day for a walk?' And in all things you used to act thus with regard to me. O my beloved Mother, how I thank you for having given me such a strong and precious training. What an inappreciable grace! What should I have become, if (as people in the world think) I had been the plaything of the community? Perhaps, instead of seeing Our Lord in my superiors, I should have only considered the creature, and my heart, which had been so well guarded in the world, would have given way to human attachments in the cloister. Happily by your maternal prudence I was preserved from such a real misfortune. Yes, I can truly say not only from what I have just written, but from other trials still more

painful, that suffering stretched out its arms to me from the very first, and I have embraced it with love."

79. The Servant of God, without losing her peace of mind, accepted courageously the severity of her superiors after she had taken the habit and been confessed, notwithstanding the illusions of several of the nuns in regard to the way she was treated. She says, at the beginning of the second part of her manuscript, when the Mother Prioress asked her for fuller details on her religious life :

" In the Community, the general opinion was that you had petted me in every way since my entrance into Carmel ; but ' man seeth these things that appear, but the Lord beholdeth the heart ' (1 Kings xvi., 7). O my Mother, I thank you again for not having spared me ; Jesus knew well that the living water of humiliation was necessary for His little flower ; she was too weak to take root without this means ; and it is to you that she owes this inestimable blessing."

80. The Servant of God was equally brave in the trail of aridity which was the portion of almost the whole of her religious life. She wrote during her retreat before taking the habit to Mother Agnes of Jesus :

"In my prayers to Jesus, nothing! dryness! sleep! Since my Beloved wills to sleep, I will not hinder Him; I am only too happy to see that He does not treat me in the least like a stranger, that He does not trouble about me. He covers 'His little ball' with very painful pin-pricks. When it is this sweet Friend who Himself pierces His ball, the suffering is only sweetness, His hand is so gentle. What a difference, compared with that of creatures!" There were the same aridities during the retreat for profession. She discloses them to Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, her eldest sister:

"Your little daughter hardly hears the celestial harmonies, her wedding journey is very barren. Her Betrothed, it is true, makes her travel over fertile and magnificent countries, but night hinders her from admiring anything, and especially from enjoying all these marvels. You perhaps think that she grieves about it? On the contrary, she is happy to follow her Betrothed for Himself alone and not on account of His gifts. He alone, He is so beautiful, so lovely, even when He is silent, even when He hides Himself. Understand your little daughter . . . she is weary of earthly consolations, she no longer

wishes for anything but her Beloved. I think that the work of Jesus during this retreat has been to detach me from everything that is not Himself. My only consolation is a very great fortitude and peace. And I hope to be as Jesus wills I should be; it is this that makes all my happiness."

81. The same fortitude showed itself in rendering services to her Sisters. Once, when during the night a fire broke out and threatened the convent, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus was in front of the others and, without considering the danger, greatly helped to extinguish the flames. She knew how to do violence to herself with great strength of will, and to all her virtues she united an extraordinary courage. From her entrance into Carmel at the age of fifteen, she was allowed to follow all the practices of the austere rule, with the exception of the fasts. Sometimes her companions in the novitiate used to remark on her paleness and try to get her dispensed, either from the evening office or from rising in the morning; the Mother Prioress used never, however, to accede to their requests. "A soul of this stamp," she said, "must not be treated like a child. Dispensations are not made for her. Leave her alone, God sustains

her. Besides, if she is ill, she ought to come and tell me herself." But Sister Teresa had this principle, that "one must go on to the end of one's strength before making complaint." Many times she went to Matins suffering from giddiness or from violent pains in the head. "I can still walk," she used to say to herself; "well, then, I ought to be at my duty." And thanks to this energy, she used quite simply to accomplish heroic acts. She relates this fact amongst others to the Mother Prioress: "I remember that when I was a postulant I had sometimes such violent temptations to gratify myself and to seek some drops of comfort that I was obliged to pass quickly before your cell and to cling to the banisters so as not to turn back. There came into my mind quite a number of permissions to ask for, a thousand pretexts to give a reason for my desire and to satisfy it. How glad I am now that I denied myself from the very beginning of my religious life. I enjoy already the reward promised to those who fight courageously."

82. The Servant of God displayed a heroic fortitude in the spiritual aridities and in the cruel suffering of her long illness, when it was not possible to give her any remedy to relieve them. The doctor was moved to admiration:

"Ah! if you only knew what she endures," he said; "never have I seen so much suffering with that expression of supernatural joy. She is an angel."

Virtue of Temperance.

83. The duty of obedience obliged the Servant of God to do no great exterior mortifications, beyond those—themselves considerable—imposed by the austere rule of Carmel. What she had written concerning the three months of waiting which preceded her entrance into the cloister, she continued to put into practice, giving herself up more and more to a mortified life which she thus defined: "When I say mortified I do not mean the penances of the saints. Far from resembling those beautiful souls, who from their childhood practise all kinds of mortification, I made mine consist entirely in breaking my own will, in keeping back a retort, in rendering little services to those around me without setting a value on them, and a thousand other things of this kind. By the practice of these nothings I prepared myself to become the spouse of Jesus." And elsewhere she writes: "I applied myself especially to little hidden acts of virtue; thus I used to like to fold up the mantles forgotten

by the sisters, and I used to seek a thousand opportunities of doing them a service. The attraction for penance was also given me, but I was not allowed to do anything to gratify it. The only mortifications that were granted to me consisted in mortifying my self-love, and this did me more good than corporal penances."

84. The Servant of God imposed this heroic mortification on her curiosity at the time of her first pulmonary hæmorrhage, which she considered a sign foretelling her deliverance: "During the Lent of last year (1896) I found myself stronger than ever, and this strength, in spite of the fast which I kept in all its strictness, was maintained perfectly up to Easter; but on Good Friday at an early hour Jesus gave me the hope of soon going to join Him in His beautiful Heaven. Oh, how sweet is the remembrance of it to me! On Maundy Thursday, not having permission to remain at the sepulchre all night, I returned at midnight to our cell. Hardly had I put my head on the pillow, when I felt something liquid bubbling up to my lips. I thought that I was going to die and my heart nearly burst with joy. However, as I had just put out our lamp, I mortified my curiosity until morning and went quietly to sleep."

85. If the Servant of God could not impose on herself special corporal mortifications without having obtained permission to do so, she knew in Carmel how to mortify her heart in refusing the consolations which would have been dear to her, for after the sad separation from her much beloved father, she met again her two elder sisters, the confidants of her soul, but solitude and silence were rigorously observed, and she only saw her sisters at the times of recreation. If she had been less mortified, she would have often been able to sit next them, but "she used to seek, in preference, the companionship of those religious who were least pleasing to her"; thus it was impossible to know if she had any greater affection for her sisters than for the others. A short time after her entrance, she was given as assistant to Sister Agnes of Jesus, her much loved "Pauline." This was a new source of sacrifices. Sister Teresa knew that a useless word was forbidden, and never did she permit herself the least confidence. "Oh, my dear Mother," she said later, "how I suffered then. . . . I could not open my heart to you, and I thought that you no longer knew me." After five years of this heroic silence, Sister Agnes of Jesus was elected Prioress. In the evening of

the election, the heart of the "little Teresa" must have beat for joy at the thought that henceforth she would be able to speak to her "little Mother" with full liberty, and as formerly to pour out her soul to her; but the sacrifice had become the very food of her life; if she asked a favour, it was that of being considered as the least of all, and to have everywhere the lowest place. Thus it was that of all the religious, she was the one who saw most rarely her Mother Prioress.

86. Her spirit of sacrifice was universal. She hastened to take all that was most painful and least agreeable as the portion that was her due; all that God asked of her, she gave to Him without thinking of herself. "During my postulancy," she said, "certain exterior mortifications in use in our monasteries used to cost me much, but never did I yield to my repugnance; it seemed to me that the Crucifix in the garden looked on me with suppliant eyes and begged these sacrifices of me." Her vigilance was such that she did not fail to observe all the counsels of her Mother Prioress, and all the little rules which render the religious life so meritorious. An old sister, having noticed her extraordinary fidelity on this point, considered her thenceforth as a

Saint. She liked to say that she did no great penances, but it was her fervour that considered as nothing those which were allowed to her. It happened nevertheless that she became ill from having worn for too long a time an iron cross, whose points had buried themselves in her flesh. "That would not have happened for so little," she said afterwards, "if God had not wished me to understand that the macerations of the saints were not intended for me, nor for the 'little souls' who walk in the way of childhood." One of the novices thus related how she used to hide her mortifications under a pleasing exterior: "On a fast day, when our Reverend Mother had ordered some special food for her, I surprised her seasoning with absinthe this dish, the sweetness of which was too much to her taste. On another occasion I saw her drinking slowly an execrable remedy. 'But make haste,' I said to her, 'drink that at one draught.' 'Oh no; must I not profit by the little opportunities to mortify myself a little, since I am forbidden to seek for big ones?' It also happened, that during her novitiate—I knew it during the last months of her life—one of our sisters, wishing to fasten her scapular, pierced at the same time her shoulder with her large pin,

th sing pain which she endured with joy for
r eral hours. At another time, she gave me
h proof of her interior mortification. I had
ceived a very interesting letter which had
been read at recreation during her absence. In
the evening she expressed a desire to read it in her turn, and I gave it to her. Some time after, when she gave me back this letter, I asked her to tell me what she thought about the matter, which ought to have particularly pleased her. She appeared embarrassed, and at length said to me: 'God asked this sacrifice of me, on account of the eagerness which I showed the other day; I have not read it . . . '"

The Servant of God continued without relaxing her mortifications up to the time of her death.

Virtue of Humility.

87. The way of childhood and abandonment that the Servant of God taught, and strove to follow, is a way of humility. She studied it with her sister, Mother Agnes of Jesus, in the devotion to the Holy Face. "There," she said, "I understood better than ever what is true glory. He whose 'Kingdom is not of this world' showed me that the only enviable

royalty consists in 'loving to be unknown and reputed as nothing,' and in putting one's joy in the contempt of oneself. Oh, like Jesus, I wished that my face was hidden from all eyes, that no one should recognise me on earth : I thirsted to suffer and to be forgotten. How full of mercy is the way by which the Divine Master has always led me. Never has He made me desire anything without giving it to me ; this is why His bitter chalice appears delightful to me."

88. On the day of her profession, she overcame a temptation which was throwing her into the greatest perplexity by an act of humility. She revealed to her mistress of novices the trouble which was disquieting her soul—the thought that she was deceiving her superiors, and that she was not called to Carmel. This act of humility put to flight the devil and procured for her at once a great peace.

Speaking of the consolations that God gave to her during a period of her religious life, she adds : "This pleasant sunshine, far from withering the little flower, makes it grow wonderfully. At the bottom of her calyx, she preserves the precious drops of dew that she has received in times past, and these drops will always make her remember that she is little

and weak. All creatures might incline to her, admire her, shower praises upon her; this would never add a shadow of vain satisfaction to the true joy that she tastes in her heart, seeing herself nothing more than a poor little nothing in the eyes of God."

One of the religious of her monastery sums up her daily attitude as follows: "Never did she give her advice unless it was asked of her, never joining in conversations where she was not spoken to, always effacing herself, making herself little with regard to her sisters, loving to render services . . . "

89. The Servant of God liked the humiliations that the reflexions of the novices brought to her on certain days, as the following lines show:

"The remembrance of my miseries is always present to me. Sometimes there comes to me a very great desire to hear something other than praises; my soul gets tired of a nourishment that is too sweetened, and Jesus then causes a good little salad with plenty of vinegar and pepper to be served to me; nothing is wanting to it except oil, and that makes it even more to my taste. This salad is presented to me by the novices at a moment when I least expect it. God raises the veil which

hides my imperfections from them, and my dear little sisters, seeing the truth, no longer find me quite to their taste. With a simplicity that is delightful to me, they tell me the combats that I give them and what is displeasing to them in me ; in truth they do not trouble themselves any more than if it was a question of someone else, knowing that they give me great pleasure in acting thus. Indeed, it is more than a pleasure, it is a delicious feast which fills my soul with joy. How can a thing which is so displeasing to nature give such happiness ? If I had not experienced it I could not have believed it. One day when I ardently desired to be humiliated, it happened that a young postulant managed to satisfy me so completely that the thought of Semei cursing David came to my mind, and I repeated to myself with the saintly King, ' Let him alone that he may curse as the Lord hath bidden him.' It is thus that God takes care of me. He cannot always offer me the strong bread of exterior humiliation, but from time to time He allows me to be nourished with the crumbs that fall from the children's table. O how great is His mercy ! "

Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus wished to be the little servant of her sisters in Carmel.

In this spirit of humility she forced herself to be obedient to all without distinction. One evening during her illness, the community were to assemble at the hermitage of the Sacred Heart to sing a hymn. Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, already worn out by fever, with difficulty managed to get there, arriving so exhausted that she had to sit down at once. A religious made a sign to her to rise during the singing of the hymn. Without hesitation, the humble child rose, and in spite of the fever and oppression remained standing until the end.

Far from flying from humiliations, she eagerly sought them; for this reason she offered to help a sister whom it was known to be difficult to satisfy; her generous proposition was accepted. One day, when she had just undergone many reproaches, a novice asked her why she appeared so happy: "It is because Sister —— has just been saying disagreeable things to me. O what pleasure she gives me! I would like to meet her now in order to be able to give her a smile." At that moment this very sister knocked at the door, and the astonished novice was able to see how the saints forgive.

In the exercise of humility, it was Jesus

that she wanted to imitate; He it was that she desired to please, as she wrote the year before her death:

Pour moi, sur la rive étrangère
Quel mépris n'as-tu pas reçus
Je veux me cacher sur la terre
Etre en tout la dernière
Pour Toi, Jésus.
Mon Bien-Aimé, Ton Exemple m'invite
A m'abaisser, à mépriser l'honneur
Pour Te ravir, je veux rester petite
En m'oubliant, Je charmerai Ton cœur.

Supernatural Gifts.

90. Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus received many supernatural gifts during her life: and first, the gift of understanding. God, Who loves to communicate Himself to truly humble souls, and to pure hearts, wonderfully instructed this young religious in the mystery of her vocation, on the economy of the distribution of grace in the world, and on the guidance of souls: she has expressed the highest theological thoughts in the most simple and pleasing way. She had implored the Blessed Virgin before writing to guide her hand so as not to trace a single line that was not pleasing to her. The protection of Mary obtained for her great light from God on the mystery of the Infancy

of Our Lord and of His Passion, and on His justice and on His mercy.

91. The Servant of God had frequently during the time that she was mistress of novices the knowledge of her charges' most secret thoughts. When they were amazed at it, she said to them, "This is my secret: I never make a remark to you without invoking the Blessed Virgin; I ask her to inspire me with that which will do you most good; and even I myself am often astonished at the things that I teach you; I feel simply, in telling you them, that I am not mistaken, and that Jesus speaks to you through my mouth."

Once a religious, almost in despair at the thought of the coming death of the Servant of God, not wishing to let her see it, came smiling into the infirmary, and heard her say at once, "We must not weep as those who have no hope."

92. The Servant of God was favoured about the age of ten with an apparition of the Blessed Virgin at the close of a novena to Our Lady of Victories, made to obtain her cure, whilst her three sisters were near her and were praying fervently.

This is her account: "Finding no help on earth and nearly dying from pain, I turned

toward my heavenly Mother, begging her with all my heart to have pity on me. Suddenly the statue became life-like, the Virgin Mary became beautiful, so beautiful that never shall I be able to find an expression to describe this divine beauty. Her countenance breathed a sweetness, a kindness and an ineffable tenderness; but what penetrated to the very depths of my soul was her enchanting smile. Then all my pains vanished, two large tears burst from my eyes and flowed silently. Oh, these were tears of pure celestial joy. 'The Blessed Virgin,' I said to myself, 'has come towards me, she has smiled at me, how happy I am.'"

She confirmed this fact a few weeks before her death; when looking with love on this very statue, she said to her sister Mary, who had been a witness of her ecstasy at the moment of her cure by the Blessed Virgin: "Never has she appeared so beautiful to me, but *now* it is *the statue*; before, as you know, *it was not the statue*."

93. The Servant of God was also the object of another favour which she thus related a little time before her death: "A few days after the offering of myself to the Merciful Love of God, I was beginning the exercise of

the Way of the Cross in choir, when suddenly I felt wounded with a dart of fire so burning that I thought I should die. I do not know how to explain this transport; there is no comparison which can express the intensity of this flame. It seemed to me that an invisible power entirely plunged me into this fire. Oh, what fire! what sweetness!"

When the Mother Prioress asked her if this was the first transport of her life, she replied simply: "My Mother, I have had many transports of love, in particular one during my novitiate when I remained an entire week far from this world; there was as it were a veil thrown for me over all the things of earth. But I was not burnt by a real flame; I could support those joys without hoping to see my bonds break under their weight; whilst on the day of which I speak, one minute more, one second, and my soul would have left my body. Alas, I found myself still on earth, and the dryness immediately returned to take up its abode in my heart."

94. Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus had a more precise knowledge of her mission shortly before her death. Just as S. Thomas Aquinas had made of his companion, Father Reginald,*

* Roman Breviary, Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, 2nd Lection of 2nd Nocturn.

the confidant of the lights that he received from God, she made the Mother Agnes of Jesus her confidant. In the evening of July 17th, 1897, she welcomed her with a peculiar expression of serene joy and said to her: "My Mother, some notes from a far distant concert have just been wafted to me, and I think that soon I shall hear the incomparable melodies; but this hope has only been able to give me joy for the moment; one expectation alone makes my heart beat, and that is the love which I shall receive and that which I shall be able to give! I feel that my mission is about to commence, my mission to make the good God loved as I love Him . . . to give my little way to souls. *I wish to pass my heaven in doing good upon the earth.* It is not impossible, since even in the bosom of the Beatific vision, the angels watch over us. No, I shall never be able to take any rest until the end of the world. But when the Angel shall have said "Time is no more," then I shall rest, then I shall be able to rejoice, since the number of the elect will be made up."

"What little way do you wish to teach to souls?"

"My Mother, it is the way of spiritual childhood, it is the road of confidence and

complete abandonment. I wish to show them the little means which with me have been so perfectly successful, to tell them that there is only one thing to do here below : to cast before Jesus the flowers of our little sacrifices, to win Him by our caresses. This is how I have won Him, and it is for this that I shall be so well received."

Last Illness and Death of the Servant of God.

95. Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus died on September 30th, 1897, at the age of 24, from pulmonary tuberculosis. During the last months of her life, her virtues, in the midst of the martyrdom of both her body and soul, rose to a heroic degree. "What pain it causes us," a Sister said to her, "to see you suffering so much, and to think that perhaps you will have to suffer still more." "Oh, do not be distressed about me ; I have arrived at that state where I can no longer suffer because all suffering is sweet to me. Nevertheless, pray for me ; often when I pray Heaven to come to my aid, then it is that I feel most forsaken."

Her companions, astonished, asked her how, then, she could keep the virtue of hope. She answered :

"I turn towards God and the Saints, and I thank them just the same. I think that they want to see exactly how far my hope will go . . . It is not in vain that the words of Job have entered my heart, 'Though he should kill me, yet will I trust in Him' (Job xiii., 15). I acknowledge that I have been a long time in attaining this degree of abandonment; now I am there, the Lord has taken me and placed me there."

96. In spite of the ceaseless temptations against faith, she remained true to her way of confidence and abandonment. She said: "I do not desire more to live than to die; if God offered me the choice, I would choose nothing; I only will what He wills; whatever He does I love. I have no longer any fear of the last conflicts, nor of the sufferings of my illness, however great they may be. God has ever succoured me. He has helped me and led me by the hand from my earliest childhood. I count on Him. Suffering may attain its extreme limits, but I am sure that He will never abandon me."

97. The devil renewed his attacks: "Last evening," she said to Mother Agnes of Jesus, "I was seized with a veritable anguish and my darkness increased. I know not what evil

voice said to me, 'Are you sure that God loves you? Has he ever told you so? It is not the opinion of a few creatures which will justify you before Him.'"

In the following month of August, she remained several days as if beside herself, continually begging that she might be prayed for. Never had she been seen thus. In this state of terrible anguish she was heard to repeat: "Oh, how we ought to pray for the dying, if one only knew!"

One night she begged the infirmarian to sprinkle her bed with Holy Water: "The devil is near me," she said; "I do not see him, but I feel him. He tortures me; he holds me as if with an iron hand to prevent me from taking the smallest relief; he increases my pains in order to make me despair. I cannot pray! I can only raise my eyes to the Blessed Virgin and say: 'Jesus, how necessary is that prayer of Compline *Procul recedant somnia et noctium phantasmata*! Deliver us from the phantoms of the night! I feel something mysterious in this . . I am not suffering for myself but for another soul . . . and the devil will not have it."

The infirmarian, much affected, lit a blessed candle and the spirit of darkness fled, never

to return. Nevertheless the invalid remained till the end in painful sufferings.

As the pains increased and her state became more grave, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus desired much to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. She received it with keen sentiments of faith and resignation to the Divine Will. She also received the Holy Viaticum on July 30th. Then, giving free course to her gratitude, she said: "I have found happiness and joy on the earth, but only in suffering, for I have suffered much here below. It ought to be made known to souls. At the beginning of my spiritual life, directly after my first Communion, I used to desire suffering. I did not think that I should make it my joy; that is a grace that God gave me later."

99. Her love of Mary redoubled, with a still more filial note. One evening she exclaimed: "How I love the Virgin Mary! If I had been a priest, how often I would have spoken of her! She is depicted as unapproachable—she ought to be depicted as imitable. She is more a Mother than a Queen. I have heard it said that her brightness eclipses that of all the saints, just as the sun when it rises causes the stars to disappear. O God, how strange

that is ! A Mother who makes the glory of her children disappear ! I myself think just the contrary. I believe that she increases greatly the glory of the elect . . . How simple the life of the Virgin Mary seems to me ! "

Another day, she sang softly while looking at the statue of Mary :

Quand viendra-t-il ma tendre Mère,
Quand viendra-t-il, ce beau jour,
Où de l'exil de la terre,
Je volerai dans l'éternel séjour ?

100. To a Sister who said to her, " Your sufferings are dreadful," she answered calmly : " No, it is not dreadful ; could a little victim of love find dreadful what her Spouse sends her ? He gives me each moment as much as I am able to bear, not more, and if a moment after He increases my suffering, He also increases my strength. Nevertheless, I could never ask of Him greater sufferings, for I am too little ; they would then become my *own* sufferings, and it would be necessary for me to bear them alone, and I have never been able to do anything all alone."

101. The illness of the Servant of God became worse, and her whole body suffered. She was asked if she was discouraged, and she replied :

" No . . . but still all is for the worst, at each breath I suffer very much." Then, correcting herself, " No, all is not for the worst, all is for the best."

The doctor, much edified by her courage, said to the religious of Carmel :

" If only you knew what she suffers, you would not try to keep her in this world." And when they expressed to him their grief at the thought of losing such a treasure : " I shall not be able to cure her, she is a soul not made for earth." And the doctor did not know the sufferings that were causing her such interior troubles. When her sister, Mother Agnes of Jesus, alluding to them said to her : " It is very hard to suffer without any interior consolation," the invalid replied, disclosing her whole soul : " Yes, but mine is a suffering without uneasiness ; I am content to suffer since God wills it."

102. During one of her last nights the infirmarian found her with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on Heaven :

" Why are you lying thus ? " she asked of her ; " you must try to sleep."

" I cannot, sister ; I suffer too much, and so I pray."

" And what do you say to Jesus ? "

"I do not say anything to Him; I only love Him." And sometimes she cried out:

"Oh, how good God is; yes, He must be very good to give me the strength to bear all that I am suffering."

103. The last moments of the Servant of God gave the greatest edification to those who witnessed them. It was Thursday, September 30th, 1897. In the morning, whilst gazing on the statue of Mary, she had said: "Oh, how fervently I have prayed to her . . . but all now is pure agony without any mingling of consolation. . . . The air of earth is failing me; when shall I have the air of Heaven?" About half-past two she raised herself in her bed: "Mother, my cup is full even to the brim! No, I could never have believed that it was possible to suffer so much . . . I can only explain it by my intense desire to save souls . . ."

After a little time she said:

"All that I have written about my desires for suffering are quite true. I do not repent of having given myself up to love."

She repeated several times these last words. Then, a little later, "Mother, prepare me to die well."

The Mother Prioress encouraged her with these words :

" My child, you are quite ready to appear before God, because you have always understood the virtue of humility."

She then gave herself this testimony : " Yes, I feel it; my soul has never sought anything but truth . . . yes, I have understood humility of heart."

104. The last agony of the Servant of God began about half-past four. She thanked, with a bright smile, the community, who had assembled to assist her by their prayers. She held the crucifix in her weak hands, a cold sweat bathed her face, she shook in every limb. At a few minutes past seven the poor little martyr, turning to her Mother Prioress, said :

" Mother, is not this the agony . . . ? Am I not going to die ? "

" Yes, my child, it is the agony, but perhaps Jesus wishes to prolong it for several hours."

Then, with a sweet plaintive voice :

" Well, very well—oh, but I do not wish to suffer less."

Then gazing on her crucifix—" Oh, I love Him . . . My God . . . I . . . love . . . . Thee ! "

The Servant of God inclined her head to the right, then her eyes, bright with peace and joy, became fixed on a spot a little above the image of Mary, and she expired in this supreme act of love.

105. The joy of her last moment impressed itself on her face. Her body was exposed, on the Saturday and Sunday, at the *grille* of the choir. A large and devout crowd came to the chapel during these two days. They ceased not to admire her and to say that she was a saint. By hundreds objects of piety were made to touch her. Her body retained all its suppleness during the four days which preceded the funeral.

Several Carmelites and people from outside affirm that they had seen at this time, or since, certain luminous traces in her cell or in the sky; others likewise assert they had smelt sweet perfumes emanating from objects which had belonged to her, or when they have invoked her, or even when they have obtained some favours by her intercession.

106. The funeral ceremony took place on October 4th, in the chapel of the Carmel, in the presence of an imposing assembly of priests and of the faithful. Only a small number went to the cemetery of Lisieux. The body was

placed in the part reserved for the Carmelites, in the midst of whom it reposes.

A simple cross of wood has been raised over the grave with this inscription on it :

SISTER TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS, 1873-1897.

"I wish to pass my Heaven in doing good upon earth."

PART III

REPUTATION FOR SANCTITY

THE reputation for sanctity of the Servant of God spread little during her life outside the Carmel of Lisieux: she had entered it at the age of fifteen and died nine years after. If she took pains to attain to the perfection of the religious life, she did not take less to live humble and hidden, while following her "little way" of spiritual childhood and abandonment to the merciful love of God. She practised in suffering a charity full of simplicity and cordiality, inspired by the virtues of the Holy Family. She wrote, in 1892, to Mother Agnes of Jesus:

"What a joy to be so hidden that no one thinks of us, to be unknown, even to the persons who live with us. O my dear Mother, how I long to be unknown to all creatures. I have never desired human glory; to be despised has been the attraction of my heart, but having seen that that was too glorious a thing for me, I have become full of longing to be forgotten."

Several of the Carmelites were mistaken about her, and one of them asked what there was to notice especially in her after her death. Others, more attentive and more enlightened, had observed each day her rapid progress, which had surpassed that of all the others. A poor invalid, Sister Saint Peter, a personal witness of the heroic charity of Sister Teresa, whom illness had made exacting, begged that the remembrance of it should be transmitted in the monastery, and took pains too that it should be spread outside.

The Mother Prioress, judging well, had confided to her, when twenty-two, the direction of the novices, and these never found her to fail in those virtues which she taught them to practise, indeed, far more by her example than by her counsels.

108. The edifiying death of the Servant of God brought into relief her holiness, and soon the fame of this young religious, who had been so humble and gentle during her life, spread far and wide.

It is the custom of the Mother Prioress of a Carmel, after the death of one of her daughters, to recommend her to the prayers of the different monasteries of the order; she addresses to them a little monograph of the deceased, in

the form of a circular, relating the principal features of her life and virtues and of her illness and death. This pious practice maintains the spirit of charity and prayer; it brings encouragement to all and, often, a model. It seemed to the Carmel of Lisieux that nothing would be better to make Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus known than the pages written by herself in an act of obedience. From this came the thought of substituting the *Histoire d'une Ame* for the expected circular; it was sufficient to complete it by adding a chapter on the last illness and edifying death of the Servant of God.

The manuscript, having been printed and despatched at the end of 1898, made known in the different Carmels her who was called everywhere the Little Saint; the letters of thanks received on this occasion bear witness to it.

109. In the interest of souls for whom the Servant of God had suffered and prayed so much, a more extended publication was considered. His Grace Mgr. Amette, Archbishop of Paris, then Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux, approved the project. He wrote on May 24th, 1899:

My Reverend Mother,

The Holy Spirit has said that "if it is good to

hide the secret of the King, it is to render honour to God to reveal and publish His works."

You have without doubt remembered these words when you resolved to give to the public *L'Histoire d'une Ame*. Depositary of the intimate secrets of your dearly loved daughter, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, you have not thought it a duty to keep for yourself alone and for your sisters what she had written for you only. You thought, and with you those who were good judges, that it would be more for the glory of Our Lord to make known the marvellous operations of His grace in this soul who was so pure and generous. Your hopes have not been deceived; the rapidity with which the first edition of your book was exhausted shows this well enough. I beg of Our Lord to give a like blessing, and even one more abundant, on the new edition that you are preparing.

Some of these "good judges" have expressed themselves as follows:—

The Most Reverend Father Godefroy Madelaine, Abbot of the Premonstratensians of Saint-Michel de Frigolet:

Abbey of Mondaye,
Maundy Thursday,
April 8th, 1898.

My Reverend Mother,

The first reading of *L'Histoire d'une Ame* charmed me, the second left me in an inexpressible delight. There are in this book such living pages, so full of warmth, so suggestive, that it is almost impossible not to be struck with them. One finds in

them a theology to which the most beautiful spiritual books only seldom attain in such a high degree. Is it not wonderful to see how a young girl of a little more than twenty walks with ease in the vast field of the inspired writings, in order to gather from them, with a sure hand, texts which are the most diverse and the most appropriate to her subject? At times she rises to surprising mystic heights, but always her mysticism is attractive, gracious and quite evangelical.

The Most Reverend Father dom Etienne, Abbot of the Grande-Trappe of Mortagne:

January 21st, 1899.

My Reverend Mother,

I would willingly become the propagator and apologist of the writings and of the admirable virtues of your holy child; but I must confess that this spoilt child of Our Lord has no need of anyone's praise; her merit suffices for her before God and before men. I am not surprised at the rapidity of the sale of the first edition. When one has read the precious volume of *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, one wants all the world to read it, so much of charm does it contain, of piety, of doctrine, both natural and supernatural, both human and divine. It is Our Lord become human, rendered palpable and sensible, cultivating with an incessant love this little flower of Carmel, which He makes to bud and grow, and which He imbues with the sweetest perfumes for the delight of His own Heart, and for the ravishment of ours. . . .

From the letter of the Very Reverend Father Le Doré, Superior General of the Eudists :

Paris, *February 24th*, 1899.

My Reverend Mother,

You wish to republish, you tell me, that delightful volume which has been so well named *L'Histoire d'une Ame*. That is, my Reverend Mother, an excellent thought which only God could have given you. Whoever opens this book will read it to the end ; he will do as I did, he will re-read it, he will enjoy it, I can even add—he will consult it. Hours pass quickly in running over these pages where virtue is shown without any disguise or research, and yet under forms full of charm. One follows Sister Teresa, without knowing it, in her flight towards the ideal, one soars with her to the summits of perfection, in her company one loves Almighty God more ardently, one is more inclined to serve and to help one's neighbour, sufferings become almost sweet, and in trial one feels stronger. The History and the Heroine please and sanctify. I have already made priests, ladies of the world, and here the novices of our Congregation, read the copy that you were so kind as to send me. All have been enchanted with it, and all have drawn profit from it.

A religious of the Order of the Passionists, remarkable for his writings and still more for the holiness of his life, the Reverend Father

Louis Th. of Jesus-suffering, wrote at the age of 80 :

Mérignac,
November 30th, 1898.

My Reverend and dear Mother,

Thank you . . . Oh, it is a great " thank you " that I owe to you. . . . During three days, thanks to you, I have lived with an angel ! How God is admirable ! What a new invention of sanctity, I dare to say, unknown until to-day ! What a revelation is made to the world ! It is indeed a kind of sanctity raised up by the Holy Spirit for the present hour, when so many souls, even Christian ones, only see in the sacrifices of the cloister the horrors of the Cross.

What a glory for Carmel and what hope for all. I have also invoked her with I do not know what irresistible attraction. I wish to revive my strength in the energy of her virtues, and to rekindle my heart in the flames of this Seraph. I have begged her, this favoured one of Mary, to come to my aid when I offer to the Immaculate Virgin the prayer that was her own :

" Thou who camest to smile on me in the morning of my life,
Come smile on me once more, Mother, now the evening has come."

110. On December 30th, 1899, twelve years after the Pontifical audience when the little Teresa Martin had to summon all her strength, helped by the grace of God, in order to speak

to the Holy Father, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus returned to the Vatican.

It was His Eminence Cardinal Gotti, who offered to the Pope, Leo XIII, a magnificent copy of *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, a gift from the Carmel of Lisieux. The Cardinal did not say whether, on seeing the picture where Teresa on her knees asks of the Holy Father permission to enter Carmel at fifteen, the Pope remembered the scene, but he wrote a few days after to the Mother Prioress :

> His Holiness wished to become acquainted with it immediately, and prolonged his reading for a notable time with marked satisfaction.

In a second letter of March 19th, 1900, addressed to the Mother Prioress, His Eminence thanked her cordially for several souvenirs of the Servant of God which had been offered to him. It is obvious from the following passage that the reputation for sanctity of the Servant of God had already spread to Rome :

> I have shown these souvenirs to the Father General of the Discalced Carmelites, and we thought that it would be as well to keep them in the Postulation case of the causes of those declared Venerable of our order. There they will be better safeguarded, and it will be good to find them there if it shall please God to glorify

one day His faithful servant, in decreeing for her the honours of a public cultus in His Church.

111. The Very Reverend Father Bernardine of Saint Teresa, General of the Discalced Carmelites, wrote some months later a letter which must be reproduced here. It shows the welcome that the proposals for the translations of *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, made to the religious family of Lisieux, were to find, that they might carry the name of the Servant of God not only to foreign Carmels, but to all the Catholic world :

Rome, Corso d'Italia 39,
August 31*st*, 1889.

MY VERY REVD. MOTHER,

How grateful I am that you have had the kindness to send me this delightful *L'Histoire d'une Ame*. One cannot look over these pages without being moved to the very depths of one's soul by the sight of a virtue so simple and so pleasing, and yet at the same time so lofty and heroic. Our Lord must cherish your Carmel in a special way since He has made it a present of such a treasure. It is true that this angel of earth has only, so to speak, shown herself on it for an instant, so great was her haste to go and join her brothers of Heaven, and to rest there on the Heart of her Love ; but the cloister, which has had the happiness of sheltering her, remains fragrant with the perfume and enlightened with the brightness that she leaves behind

her. You thought, my Very Revd. Mother, that your Carmel ought not to be the only one to breathe this perfume ; that this light, so brilliant and so pure, ought not to remain concealed in the narrow circuit of a monastery, but that it ought to spread far and wide its beneficent rays. If I were allowed to express here a wish, my Very Revd. Mother, I would beg that skilled pens should try soon to render in many languages the almost inimitable grace of her who has written *L'Histoire d'une Ame*. The entire order of Carmel would be thus put in possession of what I consider a precious jewel of the family.

112. The first translation was the Polish one, due to the Carmel of Pryzemys'l (Austrian Galicia) :

The " Little " great saint of your Community wishes perhaps to make use of us in order to do good in Poland. Now, Reverend Mother, we shall be happy to help in that, if you give us permission to publish in Polish *L'Histoire d'une Ame*.

This request received priority over two other proposals which came from the Countess de Jelska of Cracow, and from Father Mohl, S.J. The translation appeared with the approbation of His Lordship Mgr. Likowski, titular Bishop of Auréliopolis.

Posen, *December 6th*, 1901.

Not only do I grant with pleasure the desired

Imprimatur, but I warmly recommend the Polish translation of the life of Sister Teresa. Ascetic literature has not produced for a long time, especially in Polish, a book so instructive and edifying. No one will read it without profit.

113. The English translation was a token of gratitude towards the Servant of God, made by Professor Dziewicki, of the University of Cracow. Here is an extract of his request for authorisation on May 29th, 1899 :

As a mark of gratitude towards Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus for all the good that she has done me, I have resolved to do all that is possible to make this book known in another language. English, which I teach here at the University, is my mother's tongue, and I have already written several books in that language. I have written to Burns and Oates, the Catholic publishers in London, saying that in making the translation I did not wish for any payment. They requested me to ask your permission for the translation of the book, and for the reproduction of the photographs of Sister Teresa, etc. . . .

The work of the learned professor preceded that commenced at the Carmel of Boston, which was never finished, but was replaced by the translation of the poems of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. The paper, the *Irish Catholic*, of Dublin, also produced for Ireland

L'Histoire d'une Ame, under the title of the *Little Flower of Jesus*. Another very complete edition is in preparation.

114. Two Italian translations have appeared, one due to Mlle. Teresa Canella, of Brescia, and the other to the Carmel of Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, at Florence.

The following are the words in which the right of making a Dutch translation was asked in May, 1904:

A Father of our Province of Discalced Carmelites is preparing the Dutch translation of the Life of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. In a short time he will have finished it. At least it is his desire to finish it in every respect. But in order to spread with greater fruit the knowledge of God's extraordinary guidance in regard to this privileged soul, the copyright is greatly desired. This right being reserved to you, Reverend Mother, you will oblige me greatly, and also the translator, the R.P. Pierre-Thomas Hikspoors, in granting to him the authorisation of translation, etc. . . .

EUG. DRIESSEN,
Carmelite.

Oss (Brabant Septentrional).

115. The German translation was proposed from different sides, and earnestly begged for by a Princess of the Royal family of Bavaria. It has appeared in a highly finished edition,

published by Albert Jacobi at Aachen. This has been preceded by that of the Baroness Frentz.

116. The Portuguese translation was undertaken in order to make more general the good that had already been done among certain privileged souls by the knowledge of the writings of the Servant of God, as the letter of the Revd. F. de Santanna, S.J., shows :

I come from afar earnestly to beg of you the permission to translate, and to publish in the Portuguese language, the beautiful life of our dear "Little Teresa," that angel of love full of grace and beauty, who now passes her Heaven in doing good upon the earth. Since a happy chance made me acquainted with it, here at Madeira, whilst I was preaching a retreat to the clergy of the island, Sister Teresa has become a true sister for me and a sweet friend of my soul. I have made her known to all entrusted to my direction, and everywhere and always the reading of this book has produced abundant fruits both of joy and of grace. The translation is, then, earnestly asked for from me. I desire to have it printed immediately on my return to Lisbon at the beginning of October. I hope then, Reverend Mother, that you will grant me this favour for the glory of God and of your heavenly child, the angelic "petite Thérèse."

P. DE SANTANNA, S.J.

Funchal (Madeira), 14 August, 1905.

117. The publication of the Spanish translation is still awaited. Mgr. Polit, Bishop of Cuenca (Equateur), the valued collaborator in the translation of the complete works of Saint Teresa, which was undertaken by the Carmelites of the first monastery of Paris, had for some time thought of it, but then abandoned the idea. He thus expressed his regrets in a letter addressed to the Reverend Mother Prioress of Lisieux on March 20th, 1908 :

> It is a great pain to me to see that there is not yet a good translation in the language of Saint Teresa of the life of her who, one day, will be invoked everywhere as the second Saint Teresa. I regret it all the more since this beautiful *chef d'œuvre* has already been translated into six European languages.
>
> The Spanish edition is needed for 60 million Catholics. This translation must be as perfect as possible. For lack of others more capable, would that I could myself make this so much desired translation. But, alas, this has become impossible for me. In regard to my co-operation I offer you it wholly and devotedly, and for our dear Teresa of the Child Jesus I will willingly curtail an hour of my sleep each day if it is necessary.

The void is about to be filled; the last chapters of the translation revised by Mgr. M. M. Polit are being printed.

118. Thanks to the project of Revd. F. Marmonnier, of the Foreign Missions, we may hope that the Japanese will soon read in their own language the *Histoire d'une Ame*, just as the blind can read it reproduced in Braille writing. The Russian translation has just been begun at Kief (March, 1910).

In 1911, the edition in Spanish and the edition in Breton are about to appear, while the Carmel of Shanghai is preparing the same publication in Chinese; and that of Constantinople in Armenian, other translations also being contemplated in Georgian and in Maltese.

119. Whilst these different translations place the edifying life of Sister Teresa within reach of the faithful scattered in so many lands, the Carmel of Lisieux remains the centre of the devotion to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. The numerous pilgrims, who come to kneel at her tomb, to invoke her, and very often to thank her for favours obtained, come also to pray in the chapel where she consecrated herself so entirely to the love of Our Lord. They speak of her as a Saint and await with impatience the moment when they will see her raised to the Altars. Their testimony is very often accompanied with ex-voto's in marble, or

precious objects offered as pledges of gratitude; these are preserved in a special room in the interior of the monastery. The same feelings are apparent in the letters which come from all parts, often from far-away missions, asking for prayers, copies of her life, souvenirs or pictures. Let it suffice, in order to give an approximate appreciation of this growing movement, to say that the complete French edition of *L'Histoire d'une Ame* reached, in 1909, to its sixtieth thousand, without counting the abridged edition, of which eighty thousand copies have been printed.

In 1909, 112,000 pictures and 25,000 souvenirs had to be sent away; each day the post brings at least thirty letters to the Carmel of Lisieux concerning Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. In this daily correspondence are found the most touching sentiments of confidence expressed towards her who is called "The Little Saint," and the recital of the most diverse graces, or of manifold cures.

This pious movement towards the Servant of God has taken new proportions since the commencement of the process of Beatification. This is proved by the number of persons who come to pray at the tomb of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and leave there numberless

tokens of their requests or of their gratitude; while not less than 60,000 souvenirs and 300,000 pictures were distributed in 1910. The number of letters addressed to the Carmel of Lisieux has risen to a hundred a day, and at the beginning of 1911 there was printed the ninetieth thousand of the large edition of *L'Histoire d'une Ame*.

120. The principal Catholic reviews and many of the religious papers and weeklies, in France and abroad, have devoted articles to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. Of these the *Glasgow Observer* ought to have a special notice. It published each week in 1909, "Acknowledgments," as is done for advertisements. Each said simply in a few lines that he had bound himself to make public his gratitude and that he now acquitted himself of his obligation, after having been favoured with the protection of the "Little Flower of Jesus."

The copy of September 25th, 1909, contained 21 Acknowledgments; the paper said that it would have for the future to impose a small charge in order to cover the cost of printing.

PART IV

MIRACLES

THE miracles worked by God through the intercession of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus are numerous ; each day she realises more that desire of the end of her life : " I wish to pass my Heaven in doing good upon the earth."

121. Madame Heloise Debossu, living at Rheims, at present at 9 Rue Luiquet and formerly at 5 Avenue de Laon, suffered for about the last ten years from a fibrous tumour, situated on the left side, a little below the ribs. Several doctors were consulted, and these recommended an operation, which was becoming each day more urgent. The invalid would never consent to it.

Failing this, she underwent different treatments of massage and electricty which only procured for her a very passing relief. In the month of January, 1901, her condition became so much worse that she had to keep to her room and, soon after, even to her bed almost continually. Her emaciation and her suffer-

ings had become dreadful. In the month of September, 1902, peritonitis had just declared itself. The doctors had given her up, and, even with an operation, would not answer for her cure. It was then that, despairing of earthly help, M. l'Abbe D. Petit, former director of the Seminary of Versailles, Curé of Marnes - la - Coquette (Seine-et-Oise), sent to the poor invalid a lock of the hair of the dear and venerated little sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and invited her to join in a novena for which he was going to ask at the Carmel. They had not long to wait for the result. On the last day of the novena, the invalid was able to go to the parish church, there to make her Holy Communion in thanksgiving. Since then, her strength has continued to increase. Her face denotes perfect health, and her thinness has given way to a fullness and freshness of complexion which leaves no doubt as to her cure. All those who know this person, and who saw her so ill and hopeless, agree in proclaiming the dear little Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus as the marvellous agent of her cure. It is impossible to tell the gratitude of Madame Debossu for her benefactress.

122. The same Abbé D. Petit, Curé of Marnes-la-Coquette, describes another cure

in the following year. Here is the account addressed to the Carmel of Lisieux :

Marnes-la-Coquette
(Seine et Oise),
January 23, 1903.

A woman, Jouanne, married to a gardener, and mother of two children, of whom the eldest was ten, had to undergo, more than a year ago, an operation for a double strangulated hernia. It nearly cost her her life. Since then she could hardly drag herself about and her emaciation was extreme. About three weeks ago this woman fell seriously ill from appendicitis, complicated by general peritonitis. The doctors declared that she was lost. One morning of last week, the husband hastened to me : " Come quick, Monsieur le Curé ; she is dying." A great surgeon from Paris, the same who before had operated on her for her double hernia, called by his colleague of Ville-d'Avray, had come the day before in order to attempt an operation. The invalid had been asleep. The stomach was opened, but they found themselves in presence of such an abscess and diffused pus that at once the operation was given up, and after a few stitches were made to rejoin for better or worse the edges of the wound, they declared that she had not more than a few hours to live, or a day or two at the most. I came promptly. The invalid could no longer speak ; she had the look of a dead body, was cold and seemed no longer to breathe. She kept, notwithstanding, her consciousness. I spoke a few words to her from the bottom of my heart ; I recom-

mended her to place herself interiorly under the protection of our beloved little Teresa, then I gave her the absolution and indulgence for a good death. I had forgotten the Holy Oils, perhaps by God's permission. . . .

The religious who was with her declared that she was sinking from minute to minute. Then I slipped under the bolster of the sick woman one of those little sachets containing leaves from the roses with which Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus had caressed her crucifix. The same day the sickness, which had been continued for six days, altogether ceased; the third day the doctors declared that she was out of danger and allowed her to take some food. Five days after, the husband came to tell me both of the joy of the sick woman and all her gratitude to the dear little Saint.

You see, my Reverend Mother, that a trifle that has touched this angel has an inexpressible value and virtue . . .

From the same, July 23rd, 1907:

Madame Jouanne, the gardener's wife, miraculously cured five years ago by Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, does not live any longer now in my parish; she is living at present at Versailles. I have seen her again several times in perfect health; she keeps the deepest and most lasting gratitude for our dear little Saint. As I myself do, she also attributes entirely her marvellous cure, so startling and so sudden, to the relic of Sister Teresa. All the details that I have given you at the time of the cure are the most

exact truth, and I confirm them anew in her name and in mine by the present letter.

L'Abbe D. Petit,
Curé de Marnes-la-Coquette.

Nancy, *May* 5, 1905.

123. Mlle. Marthe Bourgon, a young girl of nineteen, very dear to my family, was attacked with appendicitis. When the doctors found out the evil, it was already too late. Nevertheless, after having hesitated for a long time, an operation was decided upon, but gangrene had already spread to surrounding parts, and the operation would have to be curtailed. Eight days after, the poor young girl was dying, and we no longer expected anything but her approaching end. Besides, a sinus had formed connected with the intestine and had greatly complicated the case ; in short, according to every human foresight, all hope was lost.

I hastened to carry to the dying girl the most precious thing I had, some of the hair of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and a novena was begun. Two days after, suddenly the sinus closed, and from that moment, the recovery has continued so well and so quickly that the dear invalid is absolutely out of danger ; she gets up for several hours each day and has now only to regain her strength. The astonishment of the doctors cannot be expressed. " I confess," said the chief surgeon, " that I have never had the least hope, I believed her quite past help. . . .

This cure is a phenomenon, one cannot understand anything about it."

We, Reverend Mother, *we* understand quite well.

M. ROBERT.

124. The Revd. F. Casimir Konopka, S.J., has furnished the details of the following cure:

Cracow, *May* 19, 1906.

Brother Ignatius Boron, coadjutor of our company of Jesus, has suffered cruelly from stone in the liver since Christmas, 1905, until March 20th of this year. Two doctors, professors of the University, Messrs. Parenski and Domanski, had declared that the evil was incurable. Professor Kader, a celebrated surgeon, said that an operation was indispensable. After having made several novenas without result, we had commenced one to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin through the intercession of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus of Lisieux. The second day of the novena, the Brother had a crisis, and on the third, he got up completely cured, to the great astonishment of the doctors, who declared that such a thing was unknown to medicine.

On May 19th, 1906, R. F. C. Konopka went to the Carmel of Cracow to celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving, and Brother Boron communicated at it. The latter said that he felt quite restored to health, quite revived and better than he had ever been.

125. The Abbé Charles Anne, Seminarist of Lisieux, had in 1905 several abundant hemoptyses, which mark the beginnings of the terrible chest complaint.

They reappeared the following year, and this is what Doctor La Néele thought of the case on August 24th, 1906 :

I discovered that this sick seminarist had a tuberculous lesion at the upper part of the right lung with a fairly large softening of the tissues. Serious hæmorrhages, an abundant expectoration, continuous fever and considerable oppression rendered the prognosis very grave. During the following days the lesions spread rapidly in extent and in depth; the left lung in its turn was attacked and the upper part very quickly reached the stage of softening. The expectoration, which was very abundant, contained the Koch bacillus. The temperature, in spite of febrifuges, always remained very high, the oppression still increased and hæmorrhages threatened at any moment to carry off the invalid. At this time, 1st September, I was absent for a fortnight and I confided the patient to one of my confréres.

The Abbé Anne, who had promised to publish his cure if it were obtained, wrote :

Then my parents with tears begged my cure from our Lady of Lourdes through the intercession of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and I placed at my

neck a sachet containing some of the hair of this little saint. During the first days of this novena my state became worse. I had such a violent hæmorrhage that I thought I was going to die. A priest was called with all speed, but although I was urged to make the sacrifice of my life, I could not make up my mind to do so, and I waited with confidence for the end of this novena. On the last day there was no improvement. Then the remembrance of Teresa came to my heart, the words which have so clearly painted her great soul penetrated me with unspeakable confidence—"I wish to pass my Heaven in doing good upon the earth." I took the young Carmelite at her word. She was in Heaven—Oh yes, I was sure of that. I was on earth, I was suffering, I was going to die: there was some good to do, she must do it. Pressing the precious relic hard against my breast, I prayed to the little saint with so much force, that in truth the very efforts thus made for life were enough to cause my death. We began another novena, this time asking my cure from Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus herself, with the promise, if she heard us, to publish the account of it. From the following day the fever suddenly went down, and on the day after the examination the doctor foretold a recovery just as categorically as he had foretold the end. Of the cavity in the lung there was no longer any trace, the oppression had ceased, and my appetite returned. I was cured.

The second doctor certified "besides the grave hæmorrhages, advanced pulmonary lesions

of a tuberculous nature," and had equally taken a very grave view of the case.

Doctor La Néele saw the patient again, about September 18th, and was stupefied to see him still alive. These are his words on the subject :

The temperature had become normal since Monday, September 10th—it had begun to go down on Monday, September 3rd. The cavity in the right lung had disappeared, and I found on the right apex a simple induration due to the scar of the tissue. On the left lung there were some moist râles. These disappeared by degrees and the patient recovered his strength. For a long time now the lungs have shown no trace of the extended and grave lesions with which they were attacked.

Each year I see the patient and he continues to enjoy excellent health. . . . This cure is absolutely extraordinary and inexplicable from a scientific point of view. One sees in medical history the most diverse forms of tuberculosis cured naturally, but never when they present such grave characteristics as the preceding case : acute form, very rapid in its progress, the illness remaining in the breaking-down stage for a considerable time, and passing through the three stages in a period of several days. This is what characterises the gravest galloping consumption, before which the doctor is powerless.

Lisieux, *March* 7, 1909.

The young Seminarist, now a priest, is a

curate in an important parish and performs strenuous duties without fatigue.

126. A wonderful cure took place in the month of January, 1907, on behalf of Sister Josephine, aged 41, lay sister of the Carmel of Nîmes, in exile at Villa Dolgoroucky, Florence. This is the account of the Mother Prioress and of the sick sister, together with the observations of the doctor at Florence :

Sister Josephine, one of our lay sisters, was attacked on January 18th 1907, by pneumonia, declared to be infectious. In four days, she was on the point of death ; her temperature went up to 43° Centigrade. As soon as I understood the gravity of the illness, I turned with unshaken confidence to the angel of Lisieux. I placed her picture on the pillow of the sick sister, who, herself, did not wish to be cured. However, on the sixth day of the illness, the doctor gave us no longer any hope, and told us to prepare her to receive the last Sacraments, fearing a fatal termination on the following day. I wanted to pass this last night near our dear child ; but our sisters obliged me to go and take some rest, which I did, in order not to grieve them, at the same time redoubling my earnest prayers to our sister in Heaven. About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a mysterious power. I had the intuition that our sister Josephine was in her agony. I ran at once and I found her, in truth, on the point of rendering her last breath ; she was black . . . her eyes glazed. . . In a stifled voice she stammered, " My Mother, I cannot die."

I said to the Mother sub-Prioress, who pressed me to say the prayers for those in their agony, "No, little Teresa will cure her," and I recited the "Credo" with all the strength of my faith. I had in my soul a sort of feeling as if our little Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus had touched me in order to signify to me that the miracle was obtained. And I believed in this silent touch, and I said out loud, "Sister Josephine is saved," and in truth she was. The crisis of suffocation abated, and her eyes took once more the look of life and brightness. On the following day the doctor came himself to certify the resurrection of her of whom he expected to certify the death.

Professor Maestro has given in two successive declarations this diagnosis of the illness of Sister Josephine :

Double lobar pneumonia following on influenza. Very anxious conditions, continuous fever over 40 degrees, intermittent pulse, thin, very quick (more than 150 pulsations a minute) respiration of the type Cheyne-stokes, marked evidence of asphyxia and poisoning of respiratory centres and almost total anurisis. The patient is cured on the seventh day, suddenly, against my forecasts, by a succour from on high.

The declaration of the sick sister ought also to be cited in order to show the state of her soul and what she experienced at the moment of her cure :

In honour of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, I wish to state, to my great confusion, that during all the time of my illness I never said an Ave Maria in order to ask for my cure ; I did not look at her picture which was always hanging by my bed ; I did not want to be cured, and I have not thanked her. But now I give her great thanks. May she do for my soul all that she has done for my body. From the time that I was taken ill I understood that I was well on the way to die. I had never had so great an illness, but on the night on which our Mother came I was at the end of my strength ; all seemed falling away from me, and I felt that I could not live much longer. Nevertheless a power kept me on the earth and I could not die. I was there hanging between the life which was ebbing away and death which would not come. I suffered much ; I could not breathe. I do not remember how long this lasted. But after our Mother had been at my side a minute I felt that I was quite restored ; and this made me say that it was our Mother herself who had cured me. She had prayed to the Angel of Lisieux, who restored my life. Afterwards I no longer felt anything, but I was very weak.

127. Sister Saint-Foy of Jesus, of the Carmel of Rodez, suffered for six years from general weakness, which for the last sixteen months had been accompanied by a complete loss of voice. Human remedies had been without effect, and prayers had not obtained the least improvement. The account of several favours

due to the prayers of the Servant of God inspired her to turn to her. A novena to the Holy Face of Our Lord through the intercession of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, was decided upon, with the promise that, if the cure was obtained, she would employ herself in propagating the devotion to the Holy Face, and in making the Servant of God known.

The prayers began on April 26th, 1908. From the second day improvement was felt, and the sick sister was able to hum these two lines of the poem " Vivre d'Amour " :

> Vivre d'amour, ce n'est pas sur la Terre
> Fixer sa tente au sommet du Thabor.

On the third day her words were distinct, but singing tired her. On the fourth day, Sister Sainte Foy was cured and regained the entire use of her voice ; her general health was equally re-established, and there was no longer any weakness, even after hard work like washing. Her voice is even stronger than before her illness.

The Bishop of Rodez, having heard what had happened, insisted on having a medical attestation. It was given three months later, on July 27th, 1908, and declares as follows :

Sister Saint-Foy of Jesus, née Louise Chincholle, Carmelite in the Convent of Rodez, has been suffering for sixteen months from great general debility, from frequent spitting of blood, and an entire loss of voice, symptoms which gave cause to fear the existence of tubercular laryngitis, especially as all the remedies employed had been inefficacious. . . . Since the end of April, 1908, although the patient was not then making use of any remedy, all the above symptoms have disappeared. Her voice has become normal again, the spitting of blood has ceased, and her general state has sensibly improved. The sounding of the chest had never revealed any sign of pulmonary lesion, but sometimes there were traces of bronchitis, which now no longer exist. The patient shows, indeed, some signs of neuropathy, such as the loss of corneal and pharyngeal reflex, but all danger of tuberculosis appears to have departed.

128. The following is a medical report of Reine Fauquet, a little girl aged four and a half, living at Lisieux, who was attacked with phlyctenular Keratitis and cured on May 26th, 1908 :

Reine Fauquet had never been ill except from measles, which she had when one year old. On January 11th, 1906, she began to suffer from her eyes. The eyelids were stuck together and covered with pus, and the eyes were red and inflamed. At the end of fifteen days she was taken to Doctor D——, who continued to treat her for more than a year. The sick child had relief for a little time, and then sharper

crises supervened. She saw three oculists, Doctor D—— at Lisieux and Doctors M—— and L—— at Caen. These latter told the mother not to bring the child any more because her eyes were hopeless. They were as a matter of fact injected with blood and covered with whitish specks (to the number of about a dozen). The child suffered much, especially at night. She could not see enough to walk alone, and did not distinguish any object placed before her. She used to keep her eyes shut and wore spectacles in order to suffer less. Touched by her condition, Madame Saint-Edmond, a religious of the Providence at Lisieux, and mistress of the infant class, advised the mother to ask for the cure of her little sick child from Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and to carry her to her grave, encouraging her to have all the more confidence since her daughter was called "Reine" (Queen) the name that Mr. Martin, the father of Sister Teresa used to take pleasure in giving to his daughter. The mother hesitated. She made up her mind, however, after reading the abridged life of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and so carried the child to the cemetery. She begged for a novena of prayers at the Carmel. On the following day, May 26th, 1908, the eve of the Ascension, she assisted at Mass at half-past six, and lit a candle to the Blessed Virgin in honour of Sister Teresa. On returning home, she was told that her daughter had had a worse crisis of suffering than ever before. "Put on your spectacles, as they relieve you," said the mother to her little girl. But the latter cried out joyously, "Mother, I have no longer any need of them; I can see just as well as you at present."

Then the mother drew the child to the window and called her husband : " Look at your daughter ! You made fun of my confidence—look at her eyes ; she is cured ! " In truth, the large open eyes were no longer red, there was no more pus, nor inflammation nor specks, and the child saw clearly everything around her. Since then she has had no relapse. Doctor D—— declared that she was completely cured of her phlyctenular Keratitis and gave a certificate on July 6th, 1908. This illness, very common among children who are of weak constitution and lymphatic, is characterised by ulcerations of the cornea. It is liable to very frequent relapses at first, then at longer intervals, in accordance with the growing strength of the child. *It can only be cured very gradually*, and it nearly always leaves indelible traces under the form of specks more or less opaque.

Lisieux, *December 7th*, 1908.

Dr. La Néele.

The family went to testify their gratitude to the Carmel of Lisieux and to give the religious the details that they wanted of the cure. In the résumé of their interview which they wrote and signed on February 5th, 1909, they thus express themselves :

Marie Fauquet, aged nine and a half, told us that, on the morning of May 26th, she had seen her little sister suddenly become quiet after her great crisis. Then smiling, and looking fixedly at something, she made gestures of friendliness with her little arm, and afterwards fell asleep quite peacefully. " I

thought," she told us, " that she was cured and was looking at the things at the end of the room. I asked her afterwards what it was that she had looked at so much and why she had smiled. She answered me, " I saw my little Teresa, over there, quite close to my bed. She took my hand, and smiled at me. She was beautiful; she had a veil and it was all bright round her head."

The child related the same thing to us. In our presence her mother had tried to frighten her, saying that she must take care not to tell stories, or " little Teresa " would take away her eyes again. She turned towards her mother and repeated to her with assurance, " Yes, mamma, it is true, I did see her . . . " " How was she dressed, my little Reine ? " we said to her. " Like you," was the answer.

129. The Revd. Mother Prioress of the Carmel of San Pol de Mar (Spain) wrote to the Revd. Mother Prioress of Lisieux on December 15th, 1908, about the cure of a sick sister of her monastery :

Carmel de San Pol de Mar,
Spain, *December 15th*, 1908.

My Reverend Mother,

I have the happiness of being able to write to you the following : One of our Sisters, Sister Mary Michael of the Blessed Sacrament, a little more than thirty years old, was discovered to be tuberculous by the doctor, who gave her at most two years to live. We began a novena to the Immaculate Conception through the intercession of your dear little saint, and

we finished it on September 20th by Holy Communion. The sick Sister, seeing herself in the same state, said to me : " Mother, the 30th of this month is the anniversary of the death of the little Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. On that day, I believe that she will do something for me."

Seeing her confidence, we began another novena, and the day following the last day, I called the doctor, who sounded our dear sister and then said to me with surprise : " But she is much better." Nevertheless I thought that a certain time was necessary in order to ascertain if it was a complete cure. During these last few days I had her examined again. After the examination, the doctor turned to me and said, " There is no longer anything ; she is cured." He willingly promised me the certificate which I am sending to you. You will read there that " this sudden cure appears to him strange and marvellous."

Certificate of Doctor J. Marquis :

Sister Mary Michael of the Blessed Sacrament, of the enclosed convent of the Carmelite nuns of this town, was examined by me on April 19th of the present year, 1908, and found to be attacked by pulmonary tuberculosis ; to-day, November 15th of the same year, she is in a perfect state of health. Although during this interval of time the aforesaid Religious has been subjected to a medical and hygienic treatment, suitable for this disease, a cure so quick appears to me strange and marvellous.

In witness thereof I sign the present certificate,

November 15th, 1908.

(Signed) Dr. Joseph Marquis.

The cure has been several times verified since, and was attested anew by the same doctor in March, 1910.

130. Mlle. Marguerite Chabaud, born in 1884, suffered for four years from a stomachic complaint. When she entered the Hospital of Saint Joseph, in Paris, on January 1st, 1909, she had already vomited blood several times. It was discovered that she had an ulcer in the stomach. After three weeks of treatment her condition improved, and she left the hospital to go to the Home for Convalescents kept by the nuns of Saint Thomas of Villanuova at Issy-les-Moulineux (Seine). The sick girl, who said she was better, still showed symptoms of ulcer, rigidity, acid eructations, etc., certified by the doctor of the establishment. On February 8th she had a serious relapse with abundant vomitings of blood, repeated several times, and since her stomach could not retain anything, she had to be fed by artificial means. Soothing remedies were without effect, and her nights were sleepless. Under these circumstances, the Superioress had decided to send the patient to the Hospital of Bon Secours, thinking that she ought not to keep in a Convalescent Home a person who was seriously ill. It was at this time that a novena was proposed

to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. All the community were to join in the prayers for Mlle. Chabaud and these were to be said in unison with the Carmel of Lisieux.

The Carmelites had sent a little sachet containing some of the wool from the pillow of the Servant of God, and the sick girl had at once fixed the relic to her scapular. The novena was made with fervour, but the sufferings continued to increase. This is how Mlle. Chabaud related, shortly after, all that happened at the close of the novena :

On February 21st, the day on which the novena ended, I desired with all my heart to go to the 6 o'clock Mass, with the intention of communicating at it, for I was persuaded that I was cured. During the whole time of Mass I suffered horribly, but I prayed with great fervour, and my hope was very great. When I came back from the Holy Table, to which I had with difficulty dragged myself, my sufferings redoubled. At length, at the third " Ave Maria " which the priest said at the foot of the Altar, I felt a frightful pain in my stomach and a corresponding pain in my back—it seemed to me that my stomach was being torn out. I had then very clearly the sensation of a hand which was placed on the suffering part and shed on it a celestial balm . . . and then, nothing more, a great peace . . . I was cured !

I then felt hungry and swallowed a large cup of

milk, which I found exquisite. I stayed for the Mass at 7 o'clock in thanksgiving and I heard it on my knees. After this second Mass, I went to the dining-room, where I took a large cup of chocolate, with two pieces of bread—I, who for four months had not put a crumb of bread in my mouth! And I was still hungry. To judge from the comfort which I now feel, I could not believe that I had been ill. I am completely cured.

She confirmed the telegram of the Superioress of the Sisters of Saint Thomas of Villanuova to the Carmel of Lisieux sent on February 21st: "Patient entirely cured by Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus." From this day her feeding was absolutely normal. The doctor, who had been informed of the novena, said: "This sudden cure of an ulcer is so much more astounding because the improvement generally takes place slowly, and one has to wait a long time for the cure. Moreover, the patient, looked at from the point of view of nervousness, shows neither in her antecedents, nor in her ordinary state, any symptom of nervous disease. Thus her sensibility to touch and to pain is normal." He added: "Before pronouncing finally, it will be as well to wait several months to see if the cure is quite definite."

On May 18th he wrote simply:

Mlle. Marguerite Chabaud, aged 24, a nurse living at Issy-le-Moulineaux (Seine), whom I attended in the month of February for an ulcer in the stomach, and who was suddenly cured, continues to keep well. She does not experience any more pains in the pit of her stomach, nor in the back. She can eat anything that is put before her, and she has no constipation, etc. In a word, she looks the picture of health.

Issy-les-Moulineaux (Seine), 18.5.09,
TISON.

131. The following are the details given by the Abbé J. Lamy, priest of Saint Jacques of Lisieux, on April 16th, 1909, on the subject of the cure of the child Louis Legot :

In March, 1908, a little child of five was attacked by one of the worst forms of meningitis. I urged the mother to pray with confidence to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. A novena was begun. The child was in a perpetual delirium, and yet when he was wanted to kiss the relic of Sister Teresa which he wore, he held it and pressed it to his heart. He was getting steadily worse. " In two days he ought to die," said the doctor. But his mother did not lose courage. Whilst he was almost in his agony—for some hours he had not been able to utter a word—she went to the Church, confessed, and, before returning, made this prayer to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus : " Sister Teresa, if I am to believe that you are going to cure my son, grant that when I come home from Mass, he may ask me for something to drink."

"Mamma, give me something to drink," said the child, as soon as his mother had put her foot on the threshold of the room. From that moment he got better and better. I myself saw him on the following day, and the dreadful illness had disappeared. At the present time he is well and is impatiently waiting to return to school.

132. The cure of Sister Mary of the Calvary at Mangalore (East Indies) is thus reported by the Revd. Mother Prioress, writing to the Carmelites of Lisieux :

Carmel of Mangalore, East Indies,
June 7th, 1909.

My Very Revd. Mother,

You will be pleased to hear that your little sister, who so much loved the missionary Carmelites, has deigned to favour us by one of her visits. We had one of our dear sisters very ill from pneumonia complicated by a disease of the liver and of the kidneys, the doctor had little hope ; lessened, indeed, by the fact that our dear patient did not wish to be cured, being happy to catch a glimpse of Heaven, the object of all the desires of her heart.

She had just received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with touching piety, when the circular arrived relating the wonderful things done by the powerful intervention before God of your dear little Saint. We began a novena in community to obtain the cure of our dear sick sister, who herself wanted to join in our supplications, with the object of glorifying God and of contributing as much as

possible by her cure to the glorification of the Servant of God.

She tells you herself how she was cured. This grace obtained at Carmel has made a great stir in the town, and we are asked for novenas. We should be very grateful if you would send us some relics and pictures.

Sister Mary of the Child Jesus,
Prioress.

Letter of Sister Mary of Calvary

I will spare you an exact account of the grave diseases with which I was attacked ; but as I was suffering much from high fever, and spitting blood, and, as it were, pieces of my lungs, I asked the doctor at last to tell me if my life was in danger in order that I might receive the last Sacraments. He replied that for the last three days I had been in this condition. I then expressed my desire to our Revd. Mother that she should not put off this grace any longer, and in the afternoon of this same day, March 16th, 1909, I received the Holy Communion as Viaticum, and also Extreme Unction, and I prepared myself as well as I could for the great passage from time to eternity. Seeing that the doctor continued his visits three and even four times a day, and that he had invited another doctor for a consultation, I was distressed at his solicitude in wishing to save me from death—I, who felt so happy to leave this land of exile. I told him of my trouble, reproaching him with acting contrary to the designs of God Who was calling me. He was distressed at my frame of mind, which was opposed, as he said, to the efforts of science

to cure me. His piety nevertheless had more trust in the power of prayer than in human succour. On this very day the community began a novena to ask a miracle through the intercession of the Servant of God, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Very soon after the departure of the doctor, I experienced something which cannot be explained. I was alone and wide awake ; it seemed to me that I was, as it were, suspended in space. I did not see anything, but I heard myself thus interrogated, " Why do you wish to die ? " Thinking I was speaking to God, I replied, " In order to see Thee." But the voice answered that it would be more for the glory of God to abandon myself to Him, whether to live or to die, and to unite myself with the novena that the community was making. I further heard these words : " What more for the glory of God, for the Holy Church, for your Holy Order and your community, than if the miracle of your cure was to hasten the glorification of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus ! "

At once my feelings were completely changed. I replied : " No, I do not desire any longer to die. I am going to pray and to begin a novena."

When the doctor returned in the afternoon, I made him amends for my reproaches. The same day, at my own request, I was given a picture representing Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, which I placed near my pillow. I prayed ceaselessly to her, with great confidence. My sufferings became greater as the novena drew nearer its completion. On the eve of the last day, March 23rd, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when all the community were assembled

in the choir for prayer, while I was alone with the Sister Infirmarian, I was suddenly seized with attacks of violent choking. At the fourth attack, which was the last, I endured all the agonies of suffocation. I raised myself in the bed from excess of pain, and I clasped the sister, who was holding me in her arms, thinking as I did that I was about to expire. Air entirely failed me. When I had recovered from this terrible struggle, as soon as I was able to speak, I asked the poor sister, who was much overcome, to thank God, "Because," I said to her, "since I am not dead, it is proof that our prayers will be heard."

I had the hope that I should be cured on the following day at Holy Communion. The night was very bad. At three o'clock in the morning I endured a veritable agony; I was covered with a cold sweat, shivering in spite of the heat of summer and the blanket in which I was wrapt up, and I even asked for a warmer one. At half-past three, I felt all of a sudden an unaccountable comfort. I said to the sisters who were lavishing their attentions upon me: "Go back to your cells; go and rest. There is no longer any need for anyone to stay with me—I am cured! As soon as our Mother has got up, please tell her about it." In truth, I slept well until the Angelus. The very day before, I had received Holy Communion in bed as Viaticum, and could only swallow with difficulty a piece of the Sacred Host. On this last day of the novena, I got up, dressed myself, received Holy Communion and remained on my knees, without support, for about half-an-hour. At the end of my thanksgiving I sang one of the hymns composed by our dear Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Very soon afterwards, the doctor came to examine me, and declared that there was no longer any trace of the pneumonia which had brought me to the doors of the tomb, and which was complicated by an affection of the liver and by a no less serious disease of the kidneys. My health, so tried for several years, has now been restored to me much better. In a few days I was able to resume my office as portress, together with other tiring occupations. On the night of Holy Thursday, April 7th, I was able to watch with the community before the Blessed Sacrament. I take the common food of our sisters in the refectory, and I do not feel in the least any of the indispositions of the preceding maladies. I have heard since from a religious of the third order that she had asked the doctor about my condition on the evening before my cure, and that he had replied : " She will die, perhaps to-night." Praise be to God and to the dear soul who has deigned to intercede for her unworthy little sister ! May she now finish her work by obtaining for me the inestimable grace of walking faithfully in her steps by the practice of the virtues of religion.

Sister Mary of Calvary.

Second Letter of the Revd. Mother Prioress

Carmel of Mangalore, East Indies,
July 31*st*, 1909.

The health of our dear sister who was cured is very good. She, who for many long years endured cruel sufferings, and was deprived of the community exercises, now goes everywhere. Joy has spread all over her being ; one feels that a divine transformation has

been wrought in her. Never shall we be able to forget the expression on the face of our dear sister on the day of her cure. She was transfigured as if in ecstasy, and now, whenever she speaks of her heavenly benefactress, she is radiant with gratitude and love.

Sister Mary of the Child Jesus,
Prioress.

The following is the translation of the attestation made by Dr. L. P. Fernandez (the doctor of the community), dated July 31st, 1909 :

In the month of April of the present year, I had the privilege of attending Sister Mary of Calvary, when she had an attack of pneumonia. All the right lung was affected ; the advanced age of the patient, who was 66, and her weak general health, together with the unhealthy condition of her kidneys, rendered her case extremely serious. To make matters worse, the good sister had herself pronounced her sentence of death, and desired to fly away to Heaven. Often she asked me not to hinder her from obtaining the realisation of her happy wish. As the days passed, I lost all hope of her recovery. At the same time, the community and the sick sister were making a novena to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus for her recovery. This holy protectress, I am sure, had interceded for my patient, because she renounced her desire to die and wished to live for a long time longer in order to suffer and to merit. On March 24th,

1909, she was completely cured, and now she enjoys better health than she had for several years before her illness.

(Signed) L. P. FERNANDEZ, B.A.L.M.S.

133. A supernatural cure has been obtained at the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration at Quimper.

On December 1st, 1908, Sister Mary of the Heart of Jesus, aged 31, had been attacked by an infectious disease of the brain and of the spinal marrow, and, in addition, by phlebitis in both legs.

On March 16th, the doctor, having ascertained that the phlebitis had disappeared, but that the right leg was ankylosed, himself bent the two legs in order to permit the sister to walk. This was a new suffering added to so many others, for when it became necessary to make the patient move, her legs gave way and were incapable of supporting her. At first it was thought to be due to weakness, and that time would make it right. But, unfortunately, the sick sister, although she gained colour and stoutness, yet remained powerless, and the doctor said that probably she would be paralysed all her life, and that Our Lady of Lourdes alone would be able to cure her. This was on Thursday, June 3rd.

On Friday, June 11th, the sick sister, from the time she woke, felt more tired than usual and suffered dreadfully during Holy Mass. At the moment of Communion, when the Infirmarian took hold of her in order to help her to the Holy Table, she almost fell, so feeble were her limbs. On returning to the Infirmary, the sister said to the patient: "When you are alone you should try and get up from the sofa." She answered sadly: "I cannot; I often try but it is impossible for me to move my limbs." The Infirmarian, persuaded of her powerlessness, did not insist, but took her by the arm and made her walk in the room. The assistant sister for the sick, arriving at this moment, said to the Infirmarian: "Why do you tire yourselves so? She walks no better now than on the first day." The Infirmarian helped the invalid back to her sofa, then went to fetch a book in which there was a picture of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, over one of her poems, "The Angels at the Crib." She made the invalid kiss this picture and, stepping back a few paces, said: "Now come and fetch the picture." The Sister at once made an effort. Leaning on the arm of the sofa, she rose and followed the Infirmarian who, holding the picture in her hand, walked round the room.

Much impressed, she said to the invalid, "Go back to the sofa and get up without support!" She did so. From that day she was able to walk and follow the community in everything. She has resumed her employment and is very well; it is difficult to believe that she had been six months without moving. Doctor Pilveu, of Quimper, has described the illness carefully, and has certified to the cure:

I, the undersigned, doctor of medicine of the Faculty of Paris, declare that Sister Mary of the Heart of Jesus, nun in the convent of the Perpetual Adoration at Quimper, was seized suddenly on December 1st, 1908, with an infectious disease, and showed at first the appearances of typhoid fever in which predominated the cerebral symptoms: violent headache, vomitings and considerable prostration. Epistaxis of the commencement, diarrhœa and the intestinal hæmorrhages during the course of the affection tended to confirm this diagnosis. Besides, from the first days, the patient, besides the headache, complained of intense pains at the nape of the neck, pain in her bones, shooting pains in the lower limbs, and had episthotonos, which continued all through the illness. She uttered meningitic cries, and her look was that of a person suffering from meningitis. It was then that I thought of the possibility of cerebro-spinal meningitis, a disease which is almost unknown in our region and which I had never seen. The co-existence of the characteristic intestinal troubles, however, did not

allow me, in spite of the preceding signs and the considerable irregularity of the temperature, to determine with any certainty this new diagnosis. Whatever it was, the disease increased in intensity at the beginning of the month of January, 1909, but in spite of the fall in temperature the patient kept a certain degree of stiffness at the nape of the neck, of paresis of the limbs, especially of the lower limbs, and had an expressionless face. On January 16th appeared a phlebitis of the lower right limb, and fifteen days later the left lower limb was attacked in its turn. The two limbs were of considerable size, and an œdema had reached the lumbar region. A month later Sister Mary of the Heart of Jesus was subjected to massage; to this the ankylosis of the joints yielded in a certain measure, and some active movements became possible. However, the œdema persisted, and the paresis of the limbs was such that the patient could not raise herself spontaneously, nor support herself when she was raised from her sofa. Carried by two religious, she moved her limbs, but these gave way, and if she had been deprived of support, she would have fallen. This condition continued until June 15th, when she abruptly regained her normal powers of movement. At the same time the œdema of the lower limbs and of the lumbar region almost entirely disappeared. When, on the following day, I saw the sister, she was walking with the greatest ease, and her expression did not present any longer the torpor of the preceding days. At present there only remains of her disease a slight œdema of the right limb, which is a little larger than the left. The differential diagnosis between a typhoid fever

and a cerebral-spinal meningitis could only have been established by the laboratory analysis, almost impossible at Quimper. Still it was the incontestable evidence of cerebral spinal troubles, of typhoidal or cerebro-spinal origin, which made me give such a dark prognosis in regard to the paresis of the lower members, which has so suddenly disappeared, without it being possible, in my opinion, to offer a very satisfactory explanation.

Quimper, July 28th, 1909.
(Signed) Dr. A. PILVEU.

134. The following is an account of the Most Revd. Father Abbot of N.D. de Fontfroide, refugee in Spain, of the cure of Brother Mary-Paul, Trappist :

Monastery of la Trappe,
Tarrega, Spain,
June 27th, 1909.

During the course of the month of September of last year, our good brother Mary-Paul (in the world Philip Tobzane, born at Narbonne, diocese of Carcassonne, department of the Ande, on June 12th, 1877; entered religion May 9th, 1905), a lay brother of our monastery, felt about the region of the heart the first attack of a disease of which he, at first, took no notice. But what was at first only a slight annoyance changed little by little to such an intense pain, that all prolonged and laborious work became impossible for him. The doctor who was consulted declared that the evil came from the stomach, and submitted the

sick brother to an exclusively milk *régime*. After six months of this treatment an improvement had taken place, and our brother thought he could resume community life. Before two months had elapsed the pains returned sharper and more intense than before, and we had to have recourse to the same remedies. This time they were entirely inefficacious. The evil became worse every day, and sometimes the suffering became so intense that in order to give relief to the patient we were obliged to use injections of morphia. Our good brother had to cease all work, for he became extremely weak. His stomach could retain nothing, not even a few spoonfuls of soup, which only served to make him suffer violent pains. Sometimes also the sick brother spat up what looked like bits of flesh, and his breath became so fœtid that charity alone enabled us to remain near him. After a new examination the doctor decided that it was an ulceration of the stomach, which could easily degenerate into cancer, and he warned me of the expediency of an operation in a case of grave complications. The doctor prescribed nutrient enemas of eggs and milk to keep the invalid alive, but this manner of feeding could not last long, for our brother was getting weaker, and was visibly wasting away.

In order to conform to the prescriptions of the doctor, our dear invalid took a short walk each day. On Monday, May 3rd, he returned from it more tired than usual, and yet it had not lasted a quarter of an hour. Meeting the sub-Prior, he said to him, " Pray for me, my Father, for I feel that it is all over with me." All hope, nevertheless, was not lost, and on the following day God was going to make known the

power which the intercession of His little Teresa has over His merciful Heart. " Since human means are powerless to help you," said our Father Infirmarian to the sick brother, " make a novena of prayers to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, a religious of the Carmel of Lisieux, who died a few years ago in the odour of sanctity."

The proposal was accepted with joy, because the good brother had great confidence in the "Little White Flower," for he had read an epitome of her life in the pamphlet entitled " Appel aux petites âmes." From that day, in fact, he used to carry about him a photograph of Sister Teresa, saying that she would bring him happiness. She did not betray his confidence.

On the following day, Tuesday May 4th, our invalid could not retain the injections. The pains attacked the loins with such acuteness that it was necessary again to have recourse to morphia. Our poor brother was exhausted. " This cannot go on," he said. Then, to the Father Infirmarian, " If you would go and ask Father X—— for a relic of Sister Teresa, I would apply it to my pain, and I am confident that she will cure me."

In the evening the Infirmarian brought him the relic and advised him at the same time to take another injection. But our invalid had his own idea, and, full of confidence, he had made up his mind to drink the liquid. He implored the " Little Flower " to restore his health to him in order that he might help his brethren who were already so overwhelmed with work. Then he detached some particles from the relic and put them in the beverage. After

swallowing a few mouthfuls, he began to fear that it would be imprudent to swallow such a large quantity of liquid (¾ of a litre). Nevertheless, full of confidence that he was going to be cured, he added more particles from the relic and drank the whole. He waited . . . there was no more suffering, no more cruel pains in the stomach ; the disease had completely disappeared—our good brother was cured. Then he went out for a long walk, and climbed the plateau which overlooks our property without experiencing any inconvenience or fatigue. After this he returned, feeling happy and strong, and vigorous, and at once asked for something to eat. " Take some of this dish of eggs," said the Infirmarian, and our good brother, whose stomach had not been able to support the lightest food, took not only some of the eggs, but also some fried potatoes, raisins, nuts, and dried figs, finishing his meal with a good glass of wine, which he had not been able to taste for eight months. Not the slightest pain ! Our delighted brother informed me of his cure, which gave me immense pleasure. From the following day he resumed the community life, followed its austere *régime*, and took up again his hard work. He continued his novena, changing it into an act of thanksgiving. At the end of the novena, the cure being maintained, I thought it my duty to send you my first account of it.

To-day, nearly two months have passed since this wonderful favour of which our brother has been the object, and we can all certify that he suffers in no way from his illness, has got back a good colour, and continues the work which obedience has imposed on him with generosity and joy.

In our Abbey of Notre Dame du Suffrage, this 27th of June, 1909,

R.P. Marie Havur,
Abbot of N.D. de Fontfroide.
(Refugee with his Community of N.D. du Suffrage).

Dr. Alexandro Ubach, who had taken care of the brother for nine months, has signed a declaration that the religious was suffering from a serious illness of the stomach and that, according to the symptoms, he suspected the existence of an ulcer in the stomach. He added :

The case was serious, for the organ attacked was not able to support any food ; and the patient had arrived at such a state of exhaustion that he was only fed by injections. His sufferings were relieved a little by injections of morphia. Considering his state, I proposed an operation as a last resource, which, however, was not performed, for in spite of the gravity of the illness, and without any change in the treatment, which had always been without effect, the sick brother was suddenly cured, and could take every kind of nourishment, having stopped all medical treatment. The improvement obtained continues to the present time, although a month has already elapsed since the sudden and favourable change in the state of the health of the religious. I questioned the Superior on this sudden and extraordinary change in Brother Mary-Paul, and was told that it had coincided with the celebration of a novena in honour

of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, for the purpose of obtaining the cure of the invalid through her intercession.

The attestation was signed at Tarrega, on June 15th, 1909, by Alexandro Ubach.

135. Sister Marie-Bénigne has written the following account of her cure, which took place at the moment when Sister Frances-Teresa (Léonie Martin), sister of the Servant of God, intervened.

Monastery of the Visitation of Caen (Calvador)
July 25th, 1909.

About the month of December, 1908, I began to suffer from my stomach. I was able, however, to continue the work of our lay-sisters up to the month of February; but at the beginning of that month I was seized with such sharp pains that it seemed to me that some wild animal was devouring my stomach. When these pains seized me I could no longer walk, and when it was necessary to take a little nourishment they became still worse. The doctor believed that there was an ulcer in the stomach, ordered me a complete rest, and made me follow a regime which consisted in taking only milk mixed with some eau de Vals. But soon the sickness came on again and became more frequent; four or five times a day I brought up the little milk that I had taken, and each vomiting was mixed with blood. Seeing myself in this sad state, I was inspired to make a novena to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. We began it on

Thursday, June 24th ; our sisters making it with me. During the novena my sufferings only increased ; but in spite of this my confidence remained unshaken. The last day of the novena, about midday, I had a very bad crisis. It seemed to me that some one was tearing my stomach, and the pain was the same in the back. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour. At one o'clock, Sister Frances-Teresa, the Sister of the dear little Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, gave me a little water to drink, in which she had put a rose petal, which Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus had used to caress her crucifix ; and at the same time our Mother, full of faith in the powerful intercession of our little Saint, knelt down and said a " Laudate " and a " Gloria Patri." Her confidence was not deceived. . . . As soon as I had taken this miraculous water, I felt something very soft, which healed the wound. From that moment I no longer felt any pain. At once, and without effort, I drank a cup of milk. Then up to the evening, I drank a litre without experiencing any suffering. On the following day, at breakfast, I was served like the rest of the community ; I ate some omelette, some peas, and some salad . . . in fact I am to-day in the best of health. I have made a novena in thanksgiving to my dear benefactress, but my heart will have for her an eternal gratitude.

SISTER MARIE-BÉNIGNE.

The doctor's certificate, dated July 29th 1909, declares that " the Sister Marie-Bénigne Martin showed, from the month of February

to July 2nd, 1909, evident signs of ulcer in the stomach, with copious vomitings of blood, and that, since July 2nd, these have completely disappeared."

Her health, thus suddenly restored, has been always maintained.

136. Cure of Mademoiselle Mary Antes.

The following is the account sent by Sister Antonia, Dominican nun of the Convent of Holy Cross, at Brooklyn, Montrose and Graham Avenues, of the cure of her sister, Mary Antes :

New York, *August* 12, 1909.

To the glory of Almighty God and of His Servant, Teresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, I will relate the great favour received through the intercession of the holy little Carmelite.

This grace obtained is the extraordinary cure of my sister, who was mortally injured. This dear sister of mine was walking in the streets of New York, on the morning of July 30th, 1909, when a frightened horse dashed upon her and trampled on her. She was horribly bruised, and her head received such a blow that it was all covered with blood. Besides, her broken ribs pierced the lung ; the heart was also injured and compressed, and in a word she was the most pitiable sight.

In her intense pain, however, she did not lose consciousness and was able to make her confession

in the street to a priest who hastened from the nearest Church. The doctor of the New York Ambulance did not think that it was possible for her to arrive alive at the hospital, and the only hope he gave was to say that only one person in a thousand could recover from such a terrible knocking about. All day the poor young girl remained hanging between life and death, and at about midnight all hope of recovery was abandoned. Each breath seemed to be her last. She remained in the agony up to August 3rd. It was then that a Religious, very devout to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, advised us to put all our hope in her and to begin a novena to her. I gave my sister a picture-relic of the little saint; she laid it with the greatest confidence on her crushed body.

On the last day of the novena the sick girl was out of danger.

SISTER ANTONIA.

CURE OF HENRIETTA LUCHINI.

137. This is the account sent to the Carmel of Lisieux:

Carmel of Piacenza, Italy,
September 25, 1909.

A person has just come to the monastery and has told us that she has received a signal grace through the intercession of our dear little saint. It is the cure of one of her little children, sick of obstinate enteritis. How could this woman have been able to know of our Sister Teresa? Here are the facts:

I do not know if it was through a blunder of the postman or some other accident, but the little parcel of Sister Teresa that you had sent me was delivered to the Religious of the Sacred Heart in this town One of them, in good faith, distributed the relics and pictures to the aforesaid person, who is her cousin. In vain I asked for these objects which belonged to me—all restitution was limited to the little book relating the graces obtained, and to the wrapper bearing outside my address, written quite clearly and distinctly. God has permitted all this for the glory and for the glorification of His faithful servant. May He be praised for it.

This is the account of the parents of the child who was cured :

Our little Henriette, aged eleven, has been ill for two years from acute obstinate enteritis. All the remedies employed had been powerless to cure her, or even relieve her. She stayed a month in the hospital undergoing treatment from the most distinguished doctors, but the disease only grew worse. No food could remain in the intestines and the little invalid had become extremely weak. Emaciated and without colour, she had only to close her eyes in the sleep of death. Sea baths were prescribed for her, the baths of Salsemaggiore ; nothing did her any good. The doctor stamped his foot on seeing the failure of science.

Distressed and discouraged, we no longer thought of doctors or remedies. It was then that an object was providentially given to us which had belonged

to a Carmelite Religious, Teresa of the Child Jesus. A novena was begun, and on the last day the cure was complete.

To-day, after two months, our little Henriette is as well as if she had never been ill; no relapse nor threat of relapse. We know that this is a miracle; the long duration and gravity of the disease, the sudden cure at the moment when the illness seemed to be becoming worse—these are facts which we would not know how to explain by our poor human understanding.

M. M. Luchini.

138. Cure of Madame Antpballadun at Smyrna.

Smyrna, Turkey-in-Asia,
October 18*th*, 1909.

I, the undersigned, for the greater glory of God and the glorification of His Saints, declare the following: In the month of June last, my sister-in-law, in her fifth month, received a serious blow from her eldest child, aged two, who in play threw himself upon her. There ensued pains so sharp that the doctor, called in all haste, declared that there was a terrible accident to fear, or that the child would be born crippled. I at once recommended my dear sister-in-law and her child to the prayers of the Carmelite nuns of this town, who begged of God the cure of the mother, as well as the perfect state of the child, through the intercession of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, who died in the odour of sanctity at the Carmel of Lisieux. At the same time they

gave me for the sick woman a piece of the clothing of this saint. As soon as the relic was applied on the place, the pains ceased and the mother got up on the following day in order to resume her usual occupations. Since then, all has gone well and no pain has ever returned.

The mother was saved . . . there only remained to see the state of the child. A little daughter was born on October 13th in a perfect state of health and there was no sign of it being crippled, to the great surprise of the doctor.

In token of gratitude all the family have unanimously decided that the child shall bear the entire name of " Teresa of the Child Jesus."

ANTPBALLADUN.
Chaplain of the Carmel of Smyrna.

139. The Pichard Cure.

Nogent-sur-Seine (Aube),
November 2nd, 1909.

On August 2nd last, my little boy aged five, was attacked by peritonitis following on measles. In spite of the care of the doctor the child became weaker from day to day, so much so that there was fear for his chest. He had a high fever, a painful spot in the side and he had become very thin. At the end of two months, when the doctor declared that there was neither physician nor medicine capable of curing him, recourse was had to a specialist, who could only confirm the diagnosis of the doctor, not hiding from us that the case was hopeless, and that the only thing to try was open air and good feeding. We

understood that only a miracle could save him. The Superioress of Carmel advised us to make a novena to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus whose powerful intercession she had herself experienced. God heard us. On the eighth day of our novena, the dear child got up, his appetite revived, and the intestinal obstruction disappeared. It is a veritable resurrection.

What gratitude do we not owe to Sister Teresa. May God grant us speedy beatification in order that she may be known and loved by all!

A. Pichard.

140. Cure of Mr. Adrien Henri, Professor at the Seminary of Nice.

Nice, Alpes Maritimes,
November 21st, 1909.

Very Revd. Mother,—I fulfil a very pleasant duty which my conscience imposes upon me in writing these few lines to you. For more than twenty years I have suffered from an illness of the stomach, and I thought I had come to the end of a long duration of suffering, for, in the month of July last, my disease became worse in a way to cause uneasiness, and my doctor gave only little hope for my recovery. Medicines had no longer any effect and brought me no relief. I had no appetite, and I could no longer sleep. Professors and pupils were to leave about July 8th for their holidays, and I had, for a long time, renounced the pleasure of following them, so exhausted had I become, for my stomach could no longer support the slightest food, not even a few mouthfuls of milk.

I received at this time a visit from a young semi-

narist, who spoke to me, in moving terms, of the devotion to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. He proposed to me that I should associate myself in a novena of prayers made at the Carmel for my cure. I prayed with all the confidence with which my friend had inspired me, and on July 6th, in the evening, I begged the radiant little queen to enable me to sleep until five o'clock the next day—I, who had not been able to sleep. I woke up on the following day at the time fixed. But better still, my appetite had returned, and in the morning of July 8th, I set out for a long journey. Fifteen days later, I was able to go on an excursion and to do forty kilometres on foot in a single day. Many of the friends who had seen me so near to death will to-day willingly bear witness to the miracle of my cure.

I pray that Sister Teresa may be known, venerated and soon glorified on our altars.

ADRIEN HENRI.

141. The protection of Sister Teresa has also manifested itself in Madagascar :

Ambatolampy, Madagascar,
December 19th, 1909.

Our little Saint continues to work powerfully at her mission and to prove to us, once more, the truth of her words: " I wish to pass my heaven in doing good upon earth." This good, I see, she loves especially to do among the little, the poorest, those most lacking in goods of fortune and grace.

I had a poor, sick woman who for more than ten years had not been able to move. After several

novenas to Sister Teresa, she is now cured and is able to walk. She has just been baptised and took the name of Mary Teresa. But I have to relate another marvel to you.

A month ago there came to me a poor Malgache carrying in her arms a perfectly healthy baby, whom I had baptised at the point of death. And, in presenting him to me, as well as a picture of Teresa which we had given her as the only remedy, she said to me: "The beautiful lady whom you gave me has cured my son during the night. I thought that he was dead, and I was already weeping, and she came carrying a white robe which she laid upon him, and when my little one awoke, he was cured."

Is it not true, my Reverend Mother, that these are beautiful facts to insert in the "Shower of Roses"?

SISTER BERCHMANS,
Superioress of the Mission.

142. THE CURE OF MRS. DORANS, GLASGOW.

Mrs. Dorans suffered during eleven years from almost incessant pains, caused by the growth of a tumour, resulting, as was thought, from a severe strain to which this lady had been put in nursing her husband during the mortal illness which prevented him from doing anything for himself. The tumour, situated in the right side, was deeply rooted. For several years Mrs. Dorans could, notwithstanding, occupy herself with her domestic duties and in the cares of a numerous family. As time went on, the

pains became worse and the tumour larger. During the last three years before the cure, she scarcely had a moment's respite ; she passed sleepless nights devoured by incessant pain, and never slept longer than seven minutes at a time. She became so ill, and her pain was so great that towards the end of April, 1909, the doctor gave her no other hope of relief than to enter the hospital in order to undergo an operation. Mrs. Dorans was examined by the head surgeon, and by several others, and it was agreed that any operation would be fatal, for the tumour had affected all the organs of the body. For this reason the poor invalid returned home about the middle of May. From this time up to the day of her miraculous cure, she gradually became weaker, and continued to suffer greatly. Her stomach was unable to retain anything—the sick woman took no solid food for ten weeks. She could only drink soda water with a little alcohol added, or a little ice, and this light nourishment caused her severe vomiting.

The tumour, having become enormous, pressed on the internal organs and paralysed all their functions. Numerous priests, religious and friends had united in making novenas for the invalid, but without any apparent result. Her life seemed to be about to terminate, and she was on the point of again receiving the Last Sacraments. The Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Joseph and all her favourite saints had been invoked on her behalf.

On August 22nd, 1909, she only seemed to wait for the call of God, and the doctor had said that she could not live long. Then one of her friends came to see

her. She had known her for a long time, and the visitor, knowing how full of faith was the poor dying invalid, proposed to her to begin at once a novena in honour of Sister Teresa, "The Little Flower of Jesus." Mrs. Dorans asked nothing better, but on the condition of not failing in confidence towards the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Lady, and St. Joseph. It was arranged to have recourse to them through the intermediary of the saintly little Carmelite, in order that she should ask the cure of Mrs. Dorans from the most loving Heart of our Lord. The novena was then begun, on Sunday, August 22nd, 1909. During the four following days the invalid sank rapidly, and on Thursday the watchers did not expect that she would live till the morning. Her sufferings were intense. The Confessor, who visited her regularly and who zealously cared for her soul, proposed once more to give her the Last Sacraments. The dying lady, thinking that she would live out the night, begged him to wait until the morning, for she desired the help of the Church at the very moment of her last passage. One hour before midnight, having taken a little ice, she had a violent attack of vomiting which completely exhausted her. Then she slept till about half-past eleven. The eldest daughter was resting in the next room, whilst the youngest watched by her mother. Both were worn out. The invalid, who for two days had hardly been able to see, slept quietly, for the first time after many nights of sleeplessness, until about half-past five in the morning. It was Friday, the 27th, when she was awakened by a light touch on the shoulders as if some one was leaning over her; she felt at the same time a sweet

warm breath, and knew then an invisible presence was beside her. Opening her eyes, she saw clearly all the exterior objects, even to the design of the hangings on the wall. All pain and all suffering had disappeared—she felt herself perfectly well, and she could freely move her limbs. The dear little Sister had come from heaven to spend a few moments with her, bringing to her again her health and giving happiness to the afflicted family. Mrs. Dorans, whose heart was overflowing with gratitude for the favour that she had just received, and of which she could not yet fully understand, looked at a picture of the Sacred Heart opposite her bed, made a fervent act of thanksgiving and then went to sleep again for about twenty minutes. On awaking, she put her hand on the place of the tumour, and discovered with great astonishment and joy, that the terrible swelling had completely disappeared. She called her daughter, who woke up with a start, fearing, when she saw the daylight, that she had been involuntarily negligent. But her mother reassured her, saying that a refreshing sleep had done her good. She asked then for something to drink, and was able to swallow a large glass of soda water. Then she slept again for half an hour. On waking again, she felt so well and so hungry that she asked her daughter to make her some tea and to give her a little new bread. The young girl thought it was the fancy of a dying person, and in order not to refuse her mother, she consented to do it, not, however, without some fear of the consequences. Mrs. Dorans was able to enjoy the tea for the first time for three months ; she ate half a roll, to the great astonishment of her family, to

whom she had not yet told anything of the great change that had taken place in her condition. Then she stretched herself with a feeling of contentment. Instead of the serious results that were feared, the good continued, and there was a natural motion of the digestive functions. At once Mrs. Dorans sent for the doctor, wishing him to examine her and discover for himself the cure that she knew had been worked in her. The doctor arrived as soon as possible, expecting to find his patient in her agony or already dead. Great was his surprise on entering the room to see her bright and full of life. He asked her what had happened. "But it is for you," she answered, "to find out." The doctor applied himself to the examination for an hour. He called the daughter, and said in presence of both that the patient was certainly better, and that the heart, lungs and every organ of the body was working properly. The swelling had disappeared, without any visible means, leaving only a little lump on the side, like a marble, as if to prove that the tumour had existed. There remained no longer any trace of the roots of the tumour that had been found before reaching to the back of the invalid. The doctor was very much bewildered, and although a Protestant, he said that if another doctor had been brought in to Mrs. Dorans and told him the state of the patient a few hours before, he would refuse altogether to credit it. He said besides that she had been beyond the help of medical skill, and that a higher power had worked this cure, which could not have been done by human means.

On January 21st, 1910, the doctor gave this general certificate :

I hereby certify that I have attended Mrs. Dorans, living at 9, Stanley Street, Glasgow, during the last eight years, and that I have always found her in a very bad state of health. I learnt that before this time she was so ill that there was very little hope of her recovery. She has been at the Western Infirmary on three occasions ; the last time since the beginning of the month of May, 1909. She was sent away about the 12th of this month, after having been there less than a fortnight, because Professor Samson Gemmill had judged that she had only a few days to live. She has been bed-ridden since then until August 27th, being in a state of extreme weakness, and according to all appearance on the point of death. There was a considerable abdominal tumour, caused evidently by a neoplasm. On the morning of August 27th, she felt remarkably better and more comfortable. Up to this time she had been able only to take a very small quantity of nourishment, but since August 27th she has been able to take ordinary food and is able now to walk about easily, not only in her home but also out of doors.

She goes to Mass every day and attends to all her occupations.

143. This letter of the Revd. Mother Prioress of the Carmel of Gallipoli has made known to the Carmel of Lisieux a very extraordinary personal fact, which has already

been the object of an inquiry by the Ordinary of the place:

Carmel of Gallipoli, Italy.
February 25th, 1910.

Dear Revd. Mother,—The Heart of Jesus has willed to make use of me, the most unworthy of this Community, to make known His Infinite Mercy. I send you the account of the miracle wrought on our behalf. But a long document, signed by the whole community, by a commission of priests, and by the Bishop himself, has been forwarded to Rome.

On the night of January 16th, I was in great suffering and was also worried about certain grave difficulties. Three o'clock had struck, and feeling almost worn out, I raised myself a little in bed in order to breathe more freely. Then I fell asleep, and in a dream, it seemed to me, I felt a hand touch me, and drawing the bed-clothes about my face, cover me up tenderly. I thought that one of the Sisters had come in to perform this act of charity, and without opening my eyes, I said to her, "Leave me, for I am all in perspiration and the movement that you are making gives me too much air." Then a sweet unknown voice said to me "No, it is a good act that I am doing," and, continuing to cover me, "Listen—Almighty God makes use of the inhabitants of Heaven, as well as of those on earth, to assist His servants. Here are 500 francs, with which you will pay the debt of your community." I replied that the debt of the community was only 300 francs. She answered, "Well, the rest will be over and above. But since you may not keep this money in your cell, come with

me." How can I get up, I thought, being all bathed in perspiration? Then the heavenly apparition, seeing my thoughts, added with a smile: "Bilocation will help us." And suddenly I found myself out of my cell in the company of a young Carmelite nun, whose habit and veil shone with a brightness of Paradise, which served to light us on our way. She led me downstairs, and made me open the wooden box which held the bill of the Community's debt, and placed there the 500 francs. I looked at her in glad wonderment and threw myself on my knees before her to thank her, saying—"O my holy Mother." But she, helping me to rise and caressing me affectionately, replied, "No, I am not our Holy Mother, I am the Servant of God, Sister Teresa of Lisieux. To-day in Heaven and on earth we celebrate the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus." And I, filled with emotion, troubled, not knowing what to say, exclaimed more with my heart than with my lips: "O my Mother." But I could not say any more. Then the angelic sister, after putting her hand on my veil as if to smooth it, and having given me a sisterly embrace, slowly withdrew. "Wait," I said to her; "you might mistake the way," but with a heavenly smile she answered, "No, no, my way is sure and I am not mistaken in following it."

I awoke, and in spite of my exhaustion, I got up and went to the Choir and received Holy Communion. The Sisters looked at me, and noticing that something was wrong, wished to send for the doctor. I passed by the Sacristy, and the two Sacristans insisted firmly on knowing what was the matter with me. They also urged that I should go to bed

and have the doctor summoned. In order to prevent all this, I told them that the impression of a dream had greatly moved me, and in all simplicity I told them about it. These two nuns urged me to go and open the box, but I replied that we must not put any faith in dreams. At last, as they insisted, I did as they wished. I went to the parlour, I opened the box and . . . there I found in reality the miraculous sum of 500 francs! I leave the rest, Reverend Mother, to your imagination. . . . We are all confused at such great goodness, and we are all praying for the moment when we shall see on the altars the little Sister Teresa, our great protectress.

SISTER M. CARMELA OF THE HEART OF JESUS.
r.c.i. Prioress.

The following letter is also from the Prioress of the Carmel of Gallipoli:

September, 1910.

Dear Revd. Mother,—It costs me much to confide to you what my dear little Sister Teresa has done for us since the month of January. But I can no longer resist your prayer, nor my little Saint who obliges me to manifest the wonders that God has wrought through her. At the end of the month of January, in spite of the care with which our Sister "Dépositaire," the "Clavière," and the two sisters of the turn keep their books, we found a surplus of 25 lire, which we cannot explain unless on the supposition that Sister Teresa had slipped it into our cash box. The Bishop, therefore, wished me to separate the money

of the community from the two notes that remained to us of the ten which Heaven had sent. At the end of February, March, and April, the same strange thing happened, only the amount varied. In the month of May, I saw my little Teresa again. She at first spoke to me about spiritual things, and afterwards said to me: "To prove to you that it was indeed I who brought you the surplus money discovered in your different settlements of accounts, you will find in the box a note for 50 francs." Then she added: "The word of God effects what it says." Shall I confess this to you, my good Mother, for my great confusion? This time again I did not dare to go and look in the box, but God, who wished me to verify this new marvel, permitted that on one of the following days two of the sisters, out of devotion, should come and ask me to be allowed to see the two miraculous notes again. . . . And, my Mother, how shall I tell you? . . . You may guess our emotion . . . instead of two notes, there were three!

In the month of June we found 50 francs in the usual way.

During the night of the 15th to the 16th of July, I saw once more my beloved Sister. She promised soon to bring me 100 francs. Then she wished me a happy feast and gave me a note of 5 lire. But I did not dare accept it, and then she placed it at the foot of the little statue of the Sacred Heart which is in our cell; and soon after, the bell for rising having rung, I found in truth the note where I had seen her put it.

Some days later, the Bishop, in the course of conversation, told us that he had lost a note of 100 francs

when making up his accounts for his clergy and that he hoped Sister Teresa would bring it to us.

The 6th of August arrived ; it was the eve of the feast of his Lordship, who is called Cajetan. Again I saw my dearly loved sister Teresa. She held in her hand a banknote of 100 francs. Then she told me " that the power of God takes away, or gives, with the same facility, in temporal things as well as in spiritual things." Having found the note of 100 francs in the box, I hastened to send it to the Bishop with the good wishes of the community, but he at once returned it to me.

Since this time, she has brought us no more money, for our distress having become known by all these marvels, we have received some alms. But on the 5th of September, the eve of the exhumation of her body, I saw her again, and after having spoken to me as she always did of the spiritual welfare of the community, she announced to me that " only her bones " would be found. Then she made me understand something of the miracles that she would do in the future. You may be sure, my dear Mother, that her blessed remains will work startling miracles and will be powerful weapons against the devil.

Nearly every time she appeared about dawn, at some moment of special prayer. Her countenance is very beautiful and shining, her garments glitter with a light as of transparent silver ; her words have a melody as of an angel. She reveals to me the great and hidden sufferings she bore heroically on earth. . . . My little Teresa has indeed suffered a great deal ! What more shall I say ? Let it suffice you, my dear Mother, to know that we feel near us

the spirit of your angelic child. All the sisters affirm with frank and tender affection that, besides the temporal favours granted to the community, each one has received personal and very great graces.

SISTER M. CARMELA OF THE HEART OF JESUS.
r.c.i. Prioress.

143*a*. When the ecclesiastical tribunal, charged by his Lordship the Bishop of Bayeux to inquire into the process of the beatification of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, had been informed of these statements, I was asked, as the Vice-postulator of the cause, to go to the place in order to verify several important details. By the special permission of Mgr. Gaetano Muller, Bishop of Gallipoli, I was authorised to enter the Carmel, to see the Religious and to examine the places where the supernatural events in question had taken place. I entered the enclosure on October 22nd, 1910, with Canon Cavallera, penitentiary of the Cathedral of Gallipoli, nominated to accompany me and to act as interpreter. This monastery is of ancient construction and very poor. The rooms are small, and the garden is limited to the ground contained between the cloisters, for space is restricted in this part of the town of Gallipoli, built as it is on a little rocky island,

and joined to the land by a bridge of a few arches. It is situated on the gulf of Tarento, in southern Italy.

On the first floor is the cell of the Revd. Mother Mary Carmela of the Heart of Jesus, the Prioress. She received us, with two of her companions, on this place of the first apparition. She was visibly moved, and it needed the obedience, due to her Bishop, in order to make her tell the favour of which she had been the recipient and which had been recorded in the canonical inquiry opened on the prudent initiative of Mgr. Muller.

The account was on all points conformable to that which was sent to the Carmel of Lisieux, but this oral account, on the very spot, had a vivid intensity, on account of its precision and perfect sincerity, in spite of the pain that the Revd. Mother experienced in enumerating the details which touched her so personally.

The Monastery of Gallipoli did not know the Carmelite of Lisieux before the holidays of 1909. At this time Sister Maria Ravizza, of the Congregation of the Marcellines of Milan, a religious who teaches at the school of Lecco, accompanied several young girls to the sea baths. In her visits to the Carmel, she

spoke with a communicative affection of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and left an Italian translation of *L'Histoire d'une Ame*. This reading edified, without, however, promoting any special confidence. When the trials of the month of January, 1910, happened, their poverty had come to such a point that the Sisters had no more than a kilogramme of bread for each person, each week, with a little dough in proportion. Sometimes even, finding nothing on the tables at the dinner-hour, the Carmelites went to the chapel to pray. It was then that they remembered the Servant of God. The Mother Prioress and some of the nuns took her as their mediatrix in a Triduum to the Most Holy Trinity, and it was at this moment that she showed herself the advocate of this humble Carmel and its special protectress.

After I had been informed about the circumstances in which the Servant of God had been known and invoked, I asked permission to follow the path taken by the apparition. It was necessary to descend from the first floor to the ground floor and to cross a part of the monastery in order to get to the room of the turn. It is poor in appearance and of small dimensions. It contains a sort of low

writing-table with several drawers. The last one of these, in opening, forms a table for writing. In the bottom of this drawer is a little chest with a special lock, the key of which is always kept by the Mother Prioress. In this is kept a cash-box, covered with cloth, which holds the money of the Community. On January 15th, it contained only seven sous, and indeed still less, for by the side of these little pieces of copper were the bills of the creditors who were urgently pressing for payment. The shining apparition clothed in the habit of Carmel made the Prioress open the chest and herself placed in the box a roll of ten fifty-franc notes of the Bank of Naples. The other notes brought later were also found in the same chest. The repeated material help has extended to each Carmelite, and the Mother Prioress has been favoured with special directions in the guidance of her sisters, and each one of them too takes pleasure in acknowledging that she has been the recipient of special personal favours. There has grown up in the monastery a deep gratitude for their heavenly benefactress and a generous desire to follow in her way of holiness.

143*b*. The following event subsequently occurred at Gallipoli, on January 16th, 1911,

the anniversary of the first apparition. Mgr. Nicolas Giannatasio, Bishop of Nardo, near Gallipoli, had greatly studied the life of the Servant of God and her intervention on the 16th of January, 1910, in this Carmel of southern Italy. It seemed to him that the reply of the apparition : " My way is sure," given in order to reassure Mother Carmela, who was afraid she might miss her way in retiring, ought to be referred in a spiritual sense to the way of confidence and self-surrender which was so recommended by Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. He had always regretted that this interpretation had not been singled out and brought forward in the canonical inquiry. These words, if so understood, indicate one of the principal ends of this marvellous manifestation and of the repeated interventions which followed it in favour of the same monastery. Haunted by this idea, and in order to gain still more the protection of the pious Carmelite for himself as well as for his diocese, he resolved to celebrate the anniversary of January 16th, 1910. He decided to offer to the Carmel the same sum of 500 lire, and it would be placed in the room of the turn under the same condition as the preceding year. Mgr. N. Giannatasio did not know then the

words of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus to some of her novices: "Have faith in all I have told you about the confidence we should have in God, and in the way I have taught you of going to Him, solely through self-abandonment and love. I shall come back and tell you if I am mistaken and if my way is sure. Until then follow it faithfully."

This is how his plan was realised. He had just received an offering which he could dispose of as he liked. He took a 500-lire note and placed it in an envelope. He also slipped into it, unobserved, one of his visiting cards, on which he wrote:

IN MEMORIAM.

"MY WAY IS SURE; I AM NOT MISTAKEN."
Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus to SisterMaria-Carmela at Gallipoli; January 16th, 1910.
"Pray for me daily that God may have mercy on me."

He also wrote on this envelope, which was open, the replica of the title: "In Memoriam." The first envelope was then inserted in a larger one of stout paper, double on the inside and sealed in wax with the arms of the Bishop of Nardo. In place of an address, the person

to whom it was given at the end of December saw this request: "To be placed in the money-box and to be opened by Mother Prioress on January 16th, 1911." This was accompanied by an oral request that his wishes should be carefully carried out. Mgr. Giannatasio was not thinking at all, whilst preparing all these details, of asking any reply or confirmation of his own personal interpretation, but simply of offering a token of his confidence and devotion towards the Servant of God.

Some days later he went to the Carmel about a matter concerning the spiritual exercises that he was going to give. Mother Carmela suggested January 16th as favourable for maintaining the grateful fervour of the religious, and agreeable to the preacher. It must be said that he was aware of the desire of several of the nuns to put up a certain decoration in the poor chapel of the convent, the expense of which would be about three hundred francs, which sum was wanting. On this account the Mother Prioress had herself opposed the plan, but she had authorised her daughters to invoke their little Sister of Lisieux, their wonderful benefactress, in order to obtain it. On January 16th, 1911, the Bishop of Nardo went from his palace at

Gallipoli to the Carmel. He learnt that his letter was intact and had been all the time in the box in which it had been placed according to his instructions. The Mother Prioress then took it out and brought it to him, begging him to open it. He asked her to do so herself. He watched her attentively across the parlour grille. She first tore a corner of the envelope, and opened it with her finger from the upper edge, then she passed it to Mgr. Giannatasio, saying to him : " My Lord, take what belongs to you." He was greatly surprised to find, with the little envelope that he knew so well, four bank notes—two for 100 lire and two others for 50, which made a sum of 300 francs.

Before he took his own note of 500 francs from the envelope, the Bishop at first thought that it had been changed for others of less value. But the Prioress continued :

" This money is yours, my Lord, but please count it. If there are 300 lire, might it not be the sum which the community has been so confidently asking from Sister Teresa ? If you wish I will call the Sisters and you shall give it to them yourself."

This was done, to the great gratitude of all the religious, and the gift was placed in the hands of the Mother Prioress. Before this,

however, the Bishop, counting the notes and noticing that one of them emitted a perfume of roses, had piously taken it and replaced it by another of equal value. His Lordship examined the envelope with the greatest care. The impression of the seal was intact, the folds which formed the envelope had not been ungummed, they had not been opened. By what means, then, had these notes been put into it ? The Rev. Mother Carmela acknowledged that she had looked at this envelope several days before ; it had then appeared to her to be bigger than when she had put it in the box, and she had a presentiment of the help that Sister Teresa was bringing in answer to the prayers of the sisters. Mgr. Giannatasio then said to her that he saw a higher meaning in this extraordinary intervention ; the Servant of God seemed to him to wish to confirm by this marvel the spiritual sense of the words : "*My way is sure.*"

He then showed the Mother Prioress his bank-note for 500 francs with the inscription that he had put on his visiting card. This new manifestation of the protection of the Servant of God in the above circumstances could not pass unnoticed. An inquiry, as strict as possible, was held by Mgr. Muller,

Bishop of Gallipoli. After having investigated the facts and the eminent character of the witnesses which precludes any suspicion of fraud, he establishes with thankfulness the truth of the protection, during the past year, of the Servant of God, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face. She has procured for the Carmel of Gallipoli, placed under papal enclosure, important help, the source of which is unknown; she has thus drawn it from the distress and misery to which it had been reduced; finally, from the testimony of the best judges, she has raised all the Religious to greater perfection and has caused the most exact observance to flourish among them. These are undeniable facts.

144. Sight Restored to an Old Man

Saint Jean-de-Luz (Basses-Pyrénées),
July 23rd, 1910.

My Revd. Mother,—I send you enclosed with this the account of the truly marvellous cure of my sight. I have allowed a certain time to elapse in order to impress on this cure the seal of its reality and its permanence. For if I had published this wonderful favour immediately after the first improvement, or even after yet more astonishing progress in regard to my sight, it would have been said with reason—I at first even asked this of myself—" Is it not one of

those facilities of seeing, momentary and purely accidental, sometimes occurring in the case of old people of my age (I am in my seventy-sixth year)—passing glimpses which prove nothing ? "

Here are the facts in all truthfulness and simplicity : In the spring of 1900, Doctor X. of C——, whom I was consulting on the subject of anæmia, looking incidentally into my eyes, said to me, " Do you know that you are threatened with cataract ? "

" With a cataract ? " I replied ; " but I see well enough still for my age, and none of my family have suffered from this disease."

" Say whatever you like," he insisted, " you have the beginning of cataract clearly marked."

I thought it was a mistake on the part of the doctor. However, being in Paris during the following September, I went to consult the famous oculist Abadie, of the Boulevard Saint-Germain. I was received by one of his assistants.

" I don't see anything," he said to me, " but come," and he led me into the dark room. There he minutely examined my eyes by the electric light. " Yes," he then acknowledged, " you have the beginning of cataract ; but don't let that worry you, it will come later—and in about ten years, when it is ripe, you can come to us and we will do the operation for you for nothing."

What slight consolation, I thought, on going away —to live ten years with the prospect of having one's eyes gratuitously mangled ! And what will be the result of it all ? Since then I have never consulted any oculist or doctor on the subject of my eyes

nor have I employed any remedy. I waited until the cataract was " ripe."

Nevertheless the prognostic of M. Abadie's assistant was not slow to be realised. Little at first, the trouble in regard to my sight became by degrees so bad that from the year 1906 I could only with difficulty read or write, even with the strongest glasses. I had a veil over my eyes, and this veil got thicker and thicker during the years that followed. From the beginning of 1908 I could no longer recognise my best friends at twelve yards. I no longer dared to go out of doors in the evening for fear of knocking against the passers-by or of missing the pavement or of being run over. In May, 1909, an optician on a visit here wanted to sell me some spectacles, and so made me read with his instruments, at various distances, letters of graduated size, by turns with both eyes and then each eye separately. He ended by declaring that " the right eye was entirely gone and the other eye very bad." He had exaggerated a little, for I was still able to see with this right eye alone the profile of a person placed two yards from me, but the profile was vague, indefinite and unformed, and I should not have been able to state whether it was that of a man or of anything else. The sight of the left eye had become so weak that on Palm Sunday, 1909, I fell down the steps of the choir —I could no longer distinguish them—before all the parish. Since then, I feared to descend the steps from the altar, and I was obliged to grope for them with my feet. In short, I was threatened with complete blindness, and I felt myself on the eve of being no longer able to recite my breviary or offer

the Holy Mass. I was already looking forward with anguish to the journey to Paris for the famous gratuitous operation, an operation in itself both dangerous and doubtful. But Divine Providence, which disposes of all things sweetly, had, without my knowledge, put me in touch with the " sisters " of an " oculist " who knows how to give sight to the blind, without ointments or surgeons' scalpel.

During last spring the Rev. Mother Prioress of the Carmel of Bordeaux, exiled at Zaraüz in Spain, appealed to my knowledge of bee culture, and I was obliged to make known to her the sad state of my sight, which made it impossible for me to accede to her request. Then she replied with that strong faith of a Carmelite, " Since prayer is all powerful, we are going to do violence to God Almighty, and He will be obliged to give you back your sight." A few days afterwards, I was astonished at the easiness with which I could read, and also distinguish at my feet the steps of the altar. I went to the Carmel of Zaraüz, and there I learnt that the community had made a novena to obtain my cure through the intercession of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, of whose existence up to this time I had been quite ignorant.

Thus it is for a priest who did not know her, who had not himself personally asked anything of her, that your angelic sister has obtained from her Divine Spouse a signal improvement of his sight. I say " improvement," for however great and surprising was this change for the better, I had not then recovered clear and complete vision. We then agreed, the Reverend Mother and I, to make a second novena, and she gave me a picture-relic of her whom from

that time I used to call "my heavenly oculist," advising me to apply it to my eyes each evening during the novena. But this novena was not finished before I was already able to read easily the "Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites," which are printed in very small type at the beginning of the Tournai Roman Breviary (1902 edition, Society of St. John the Evangelist), and which before appeared to my eyes only as a spotted undecipherable page. Better still, since then I have been able to recognise people more than a hundred yards off. We had begun this novena in the Octave of Pentecost (May 19th). At about the middle of June, I returned to Spain to look at the hives belonging to the Carmel. We then decided to make a third novena in thanksgiving and at the same time to obtain a more perfect clearness of vision. And again this time my heavenly oculist heard our prayers. Having recovered my sight I wanted to take up bee culture again. I bought a colony of bees, and some days after I visited my hive, and found several royal cells, some of which contained larva already hatched, and others the simple eggs. Oh! the sight of these tiny bee eggs, like little bits of thin bluish-white cotton! For years I had not been able to see them, even with the strongest glasses, and now I saw them again with the naked eye. Then with what gratitude were my eyes instantly raised to heaven, where my heavenly oculist had just realised in my favour her resolve "to do good on earth"! There is no longer any possible doubt: the cure of my sight is real and permanent. And this cure, incontestably marvellous, since it was obtained without the intervention of any

human help or remedy, I owe obviously to the intercession of her whom we have invoked—Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, who died in 1897, at the Carmel of Lisieux. Praise be to God and grateful thanks to my heavenly oculist!

ABBÉ CH. WÉBER,
Priest.

AN APPARITION OF THE SERVANT OF GOD.

145. The Servant of God was fond of repeating that one of her motives in entering Carmel had been to pray for priests. She set herself to help them in their labours by means of her prayers and sacrifices, and since her death she has not ceased to show a holy concern for them. Here is a proof of it in her intervention on January 16th, 1911, in regard to Canon Rossignol, an octogenarian priest, living in retirement at Saint Martin-de-Beaupréau, diocese of Angers, in a House of Retreat for the clergy. For twenty-six years he had held the chairs of dogma and of morals at the *grand-seminaire* of Luçon with very marked ability, and after a life of priestly works and zeal he still enjoyed all the clearness and strength of his intelligence. In spite of the dreadful severity with which he treated his feeble body, in spite of his prayers and supplications, which

were his sole occupation during the day and during a great part of the night, he trembled at the thought of God's judgments and he dreaded his last moments. These terrors had haunted his life—his spiritual directors revealed it after his death—but he hid them from those with whom he lived, and he was a subject of constant edification. He had a great devotion towards Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, who has so greatly insisted on the way of self-abandonment and of confidence, and who loved to say: "I hope as much from the justice of God as from His mercy. It is because He is just that He is compassionate and full of tenderness, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy, for He knoweth our weakness, He remembereth that we are but dust. As a Father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on us" (Psalm cxii). She determined not to abandon this holy old man in his last days. On January 16th, 1911 she appeared to him, as, some hours afterwards, he confided to M. l'Abbé Frappereau, one of the aged priests who had his confidence, and whose account is as follows:

It was in the morning of January 16th, after breakfast, and as we were going up to our rooms I asked him how he had passed the night, which for

some time had been so full of suffering for him. "Thank you," he answered. "I had a good night, very good considering my usual state—but what has been especially good, and very good, was my dream and my rising this morning: I have seen the little Sister Teresa! It was indeed she. I saw her well and recognised her just as her photographs make her. She stood at the head of my bed, looked smilingly at me, and made me understand by her signs and the expression of her face that she had come to tell me 'I am looking after you—all goes well—count on me!'"

He left me with a happy expression, recommending me not to speak to any one of the vision. Death, which came to him on the morrow, permits me to say to-day what he wanted kept secret, I am sure, out of a spirit of humility. On the same morning Canon Rossignol went to confession at the Trappist Monastery at Bellefontaine, to the Rev. Father Arsenius and confided his vision to him. From the testimony of this Religious, his habitual fear of the Divine justice seemed to have disappeared, and a look of unwonted confidence shone through his peaceful joy.

On the third day, January 18th, in presence of the Abbé Frappereau, his first confidant, he was seized with pains in the heart of such violence that they seemed to presage an imminent death. While those near were exhorting him to offer his agony to Our Lord, who perhaps was about to call him to Himself, he

interrupted the sentence and raised himself on the couch, his face transfigured, and offered with enthusiasm the sacrifice of his life. He died a few hours after. When the priests who knew him were told of what had taken place they did not doubt the reality of the apparition.

Instantaneous Cure of a Fibroid after several Years of Suffering

146. Sister Mary-Dominic, of the Congregation of Saint Gildas-des-Bois, had been employed at the hospital of Verton (Loire-Inférieure) for the last twenty-three years. This sister, aged 52, suffered terribly in the abdomen. At the least fatigue, at the least knock on the diseased part, she was obliged to rest, sometimes for several days. In the month of March, 1910, under the influence of a more acute crisis and from her general state which caused uneasiness, Doctor H—— was called in to examine her.

"I ascertained," he said," the presence of a fibroid occupying the whole of the left iliac fossa and of the size of the head of a new-born child. Sister Dominic had grown thin and had lost her appetite; her complexion was yellowish and serious complications were feared. In the month of May I saw her again. Finding her state more serious, and con-

sidering the impossibility of instituting medical treatment, which, in my opinion, could lead to no result, I advised her to have an operation."

On account of the fear of the sister at the very idea of an operation, her Superioress made her consult Dr. B——, a surgeon, on May 26th, keeping silence concerning the diagnosis established by his confrère. He also declared the presence of a fibroid, and said that an operation ought to be performed with the least possible delay. On June 3rd, there was a new consultation at the house of Dr. P——, surgeon and professor of the school of medicine at Nantes; and he only confirmed the previous diagnosis and the advice of the first two doctors. Indeed, he even insisted on an operation on the next day or on one of the following days. "If the tumour is not removed," he said, "it will cause grave complications."

Nothing could induce the Sister to have the operation, so greatly did she fear surgical intervention.

Before my refusal (she wrote) the doctor added, "You may wait six months, unless there are complications, but if fever sets in, come to me at once and I will do the operation." These words poured a little balm on my poor heart, and I resolved to profit

by this delay to ask my cure from God with greater insistence. My companions, sharing my anxiety, promised to pray with me. We made first three successive novenas to the little Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, through whose intercession I desired to obtain my cure. During the moments when the disease was more violent, and in my frequent want of sleep, I loved to call upon dear little Sister, praying her to plead my cause before the Almighty God. Often I touched the affected part with her relics with great confidence. The three novenas ended, but the disease did not diminish. Then we made a novena of Communions, and my sisters and I still continued to invoke the dear little Carmelite. The disease got worse and I felt my strength leaving me. Then I determined to pray to the Blessed Virgin, but in order to be more sure of being heard I implored Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus to ask my cure from our blessed Mother. We thus made three other consecutive novenas without any improvement, and still we did not despair. The nearer the delay granted by Doctor P—— approached its term, the more I felt my fervour increase. I entreated little Teresa of the Child Jesus to ask Mary to cure me without an operation. "Come now," said my companions to me one day, "you will have to decide upon an operation; for the last five months you have been praying without obtaining any alleviation—why are you so obstinate in asking for a miracle?" "Give God time to hear me," I answered. In spite of my continued suffering, I hoped on all the same, and, looking at a picture of little Teresa, I said, I entreat you to ask the Blessed Virgin to cure me."

I suffered much during the last week of September and especially during the first two days of October. On the 2nd, which was Rosary Sunday, I had prayed much, and always through the intercession of my little intermediary. My pains obliged me to go to bed early. They were so violent that at first I could not rest. Sleep came at last and I slept well. During the night I woke up and found myself lying on my left side, to my great surprise, for I had not been able to lie either on this side or on my back for a long time. I no longer felt any suffering. I turned on my back and found myself quite comfortable. I put my hand on the affected part. There was no swelling at all. I was completely cured. The thought came to me to call the Sisters who slept in the same dormitory, but fearing that my Superioress would not believe my words I kept silence. In my gratitude I kept telling Mary Immaculate and Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus how much I thanked them for having obtained for me this signal favour, and I begged them at the same time to give thanks with me to Our Lord. In the morning, I made a prostration, in order to assure myself that I was indeed cured. I made it with as much ease as if I had never had a tumour. Then I related my cure to my Superioress. She did not believe it on my word and told me not to cry miracle before the doctors had certified the disappearance of the disease. Mistrusting my cure, my Superioress and my companions were greatly surprised to see that from that very day my face had no longer the look of suffering of the preceding days, and that I worked without fatigue.

The following is the written opinion on Dr. H——:

I did not see Sister Dominic again until the first days of October, when I was called, almost by surprise, to examine her. I was much surprised to find her in a very gratifying state of health, fatter, and with a ruddy complexion, the facies indicating excellent health; nor did the examination of her abdomen reveal any trace of tumour. I looked closely at the skin and found no trace of an operation. I thought that I had been mistaken in my diagnosis, and was much puzzled until they relieved me from my embarrassment by telling me of the examination made by my two confrères, of their diagnosis being absolutely identical with my own, of Sister Dominic's novena and of her astonishment on waking up in the morning on her left side, and finding that the swelling had gone; and finally of the very rapid restoration of her health, which permitted her to resume all her tiring occupations. I concluded at once from this, that the sudden disappearance of her tumour, without any medical or surgical intervention, could only be attributed to a miraculous intervention.

The two surgeons consulted have equally certified the complete disappearance of the disease, and the devotion towards Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus has greatly increased in the congregation of Saint Gildas-des-Bois.

"The more one prays to her, the more one

feels drawn to invoke her," the Superioress recently wrote.

Cure and Reconstruction of the Tongue of an Old Man, which had been partly destroyed by Gangrene, at the same Epoch as the preceding Cure.

147. Ferdinand Aubry entered the Home for the Aged, kept by the Little Sisters of the Poor at Lisieux, in the month of May, 1910. He was very weak. Speech had become difficult to him since an attack of paralysis. He might have been taken for an old man of eighty, although he was only sixty. When he arrived, certain spots on his tongue were noticed and a grave affection was feared. The sufferings of this newcomer increased rapidly. The doctor of the Home discovered on his first examination, at the end of August, 1910, a thickening of the whole tongue, accompanied with abundant saliva, with difficulty in swallowing and with a certain amount of pain. Soon the sick man could take no meat, nor hot food. His tongue showed on the surface a thick and dark furry coating. On September 24th, it had become enormous, and the old man could not close his mouth. An ulceration

estimated by the infirmarian to be at least two centimetres in breadth, and more than three in length, began at the tip of the tongue and extended deeply on the left side. The whole of this ulceration, which rested on an indurated base, was covered with a thick layer of sphacelated tissue—it was gangrene following upon a chronic inflammation of the tongue. The ganglions of the neck were also affected, breathing became very difficult, and in spite of frequent bathing with oxygenated water, the wound gave forth an absolutely insupportable odour.

The doctor prescribed an immediate removal to a surgery in the hospital of the town ; but by reason of official formalities, the admission was delayed. Aubry earnestly begged not to be sent away from the house of the Little Sisters, and remained there. On September 25th, the Chaplain could only with difficulty give him Holy Communion with a very small piece of the Sacred Host. The Little Sisters of the Poor had the inspiration to invoke the Servant of God, and brought to the poor man during his thanksgiving, one of her pictures with a relic. They knew that this pure and fervent soul possessed something of our Lord's compassionate goodness for the

poor and for those who suffer. The Mother Superior had fortunately chosen to read to the sick man the passage (Chapter II.) in *L'Histoire d'une Ame* where Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus speaks of a poor old sick man whom she had wished to befriend herself, when a child, by taking an alms to him. The remembrance of it had remained so deeply engraven in her little six-year-old heart that she had especially prayed for him on the day of her First Communion.

Aubry's confidence was won. He had found a Saint who loved the sick and poor, and he put all his confidence in her. His companions joined in a novena, begun for him on September 25th, by a pilgrimage of two of the Little Sisters to the tomb of the Servant of God. The disease made rapid progress, and became more distressing than ever. The tongue began to split up; pieces became detached, and revealed more clearly the ravages caused by the disease; medicine was powerless to arrest them. On Wednesday, the 28th, the Little Sisters sent to ask the Carmelites for a petal of the roses with which Sister Teresa had perfumed her crucifix upon her deathbed. They put the relic near the old man in a little bag, closed and sealed; and he, in a spirit of

faith, broke the seal and swallowed the petal. Immediately an improvement was produced and maintained. The pains were soothed, but the sick man did not speak. On October 2nd, he declared suddenly, "I am cured." "Since when?" asked the Sister. "Two days ago." There still remained a black mark on the tongue. On October 3rd this had disappeared. On the last day of the novena, the doctor was summoned. He could hardly believe the account of the infirmarians. But when Aubry, with visible pleasure, opened his mouth to show the doctor his tongue, the latter was able to satisfy himself as to the cure. The progress of cicatrisation was clearly indicated by the appearance of fleshy pimples and by the disappearance of the preceding symptoms, sphacelus, disgusting odour, etc. Then with a voice which was scarcely intelligible owing to the disappearance of a notable part of the tongue, which ulceration had destroyed, the old man asked the doctor, "Is my tongue going to grow again?" The doctor replied, "That is impossible." And yet, starting from that day, there began a new intervention of the Servant of God in favour of this poor old man. He had prayed to her, as he said, with two hearts. He

obtained by a second and even more astonishing miracle the realisation of his desire so clearly expressed by this question, "Is my tongue going to grow again?" The tongue, mutilated by the gangrene, grew steadily, and three weeks later the doctor discovered the almost perfect reconstitution of the tissues—that is to say, with the same volume, the same form, the same consistency, and the same colour, without any line of separation by which the new part could be distinguished, as is shown by the photograph attached to the doctor's attestation. Ferdinand Aubry had not wished to ask for the cure of his paralysis; he desired above all not to die of what he thought was cancer of the tongue. After having been for some time in a stationary condition, which permitted all the old men of the home and numerous witnesses to marvel at the effects of his heavenly benefactress, he gradually grew weaker, without any relapse of the disease of the tongue. On December 8th he was still able to go in a carriage to the cemetery in order to thank the Servant of God. This was his last outing. On December 18th, 1910, he died in great peace. During his agony, he was encouraged by the thought of going to Heaven to see his angelic protectress.

He asked in a spirit of humility, " But am I going to be allowed to enter the room where she is . . . ? "

The Reception into the Catholic Church of a Protestant Presbyterian Minister of Edinburgh

148. After these cures of the body, it will be well to show, by a recent example, how the Servant of God acts on souls in order to lead them to the truth. These graces, more numerous than the cures and the relief of temporal evils, usually demand discretion for the confidences which reveal struggles and victories. The need of testifying to Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus his deep gratitude, and the hope that this personal affair would gain over other souls, has inspired the Revd. A. J. Grant to write the following letter, addressed to the Revd. Mother Prioress of the Carmel of Lisieux, begging that it may be published :

34, Warrender Park Terrace,
Edinburgh,
April 23rd, 1911.

Dear Revd. Mother,—It is now some eighteen months ago since I first made the acquaintance of an English translation of the autobiography of Sister

Teresa of the Child Jesus. I opened the book here and there, and was at once arrested with the beauty and originality of the thoughts ; I found that there had fallen into my hands the work of a genius, as well as of a theologian and poet of the first order. Turning back to the first page I read the book from cover to cover. The impression proved as lasting as it was extraordinary. I felt as a person feels to whom the invisible world suddenly appears, and once I exclaimed : " Teresa is in this room." The thought of this beautiful soul haunted me. At certain times it seemed to me that I gave her a devotion which almost touched on idolatry, so lovable did she appear to me. Then, frightened, I would stop on this dangerous way, accusing myself of superstition. . . . It was useless. Soon her image returned to me and my heart was again her slave, for she refused absolutely to leave me, saying : " This is how the Saints love in Jesus Christ. Listen ! Choose my little way, for it is sure, and it is the only true one." Under the charm of these sweet words, I replied : " Well, my ' Little Flower,' I will try to follow your counsel, if you will help me ; for since I knew you, my soul sighs after your way, so beautiful and so divine. You have truly changed my heart." These few words but very imperfectly express the impression which this angelic soul produced on my heart, especially since the day when, for the first time, I opened this incomparable book, *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, which, in the designs of Providence, I bought on the same day that a novena to the " Little Teresa" ended—a novena made, unknown to me, by certain friends. But it is only lately, truth to tell, that I

began to invoke her aid. This was not at first an easy thing for a Protestant minister. My prejudices —of fifty years—were there to forbid me. After several efforts, however, I was able to continue with a joy that I will not try to describe. One day, when I was just starting to pray, she said to me suddenly: "Why do you ask me to pray for you if you do not wish to know or to invoke the Blessed Virgin?" Immediately—for this was as a flash that passed over my soul—I understood how illogical it was to invoke Teresa and to ignore the Mother of God. The light reconciled me, and immediately I turned to the Blessed Virgin. The promptitude of the response astonished me. Instantly my soul was flooded with a passionate love, new born, a love which has increased and which is now an abyss. My prejudices vanished and I no longer doubted that it was right for me to treat Our Lady as a child caresses his mother. The consequence of this new frame of mind was that I threw myself into a more serious and more earnest study of the Catholic Faith.

On the following Saturday, on my journey to ——, where I was to preach, I took with me several Catholic books, which I read on the way and at the presbytery. The study of these volumes imprinted more deeply in my soul certain favourable impressions. Yet I was very far from the resolve to embrace the true Faith. A mass of notes taken at this time—they are still on my table—show me how undecided I was still; but at the same time how much my attachment to Protestantism was inclined to weaken, and how much the attraction of the Catholic Church was laying hold of me. The struggle

was becoming acute, and, in less than a week, I had recognised that it must come to an end. It was a week of anguish, an agony of uncertainty which was prolonged for another week. Often during this fortnight I almost succumbed to the attacks of Satan. He whispered to me that all this was folly and that I should gain absolutely nothing by it. My anguish was such that I almost lost my reason, and I was many a time very near following the counsel of the tempter and turning back. Then Teresa intervened. With penetrating sweetness she used to say quite softly, "Follow me, my way is sure." At the same time these words of the Gospel re-echoed in my ears, "Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple" (St. Luke 14, 27). Teresa triumphed. I decided to enter the true Church, and to cut short, once for all, the attacks of the enemy. I then and there wrote to my Superiors, announcing that my connection with the Protestant Church was at an end. By a striking coincidence—and not the first one—which was only noticed later, this was on April 9th, the very day on which your child broke the bonds which kept her far from Carmel, that I broke mine in order to seek salvation in the blessed ark of the Catholic Church. After a few days' instruction, I entered the one true fold, on Thursday, April 20th, taking for my baptismal names those of my heavenly liberator, Franciscus Maria Teresia.

What a solemn hour for me! It was truly the most touching one of my life. I shall never forget it, and less still the morning of the following day when I made my First Communion. But Teresa has well

said: "These things cannot be told." Meanwhile, how can I ever prove to her my gratitude? I owe to her all the joy of the Faith, she has been the star which has led me to Bethlehem. But for her I should still be an unhappy Protestant, wandering in the dark night. But for her—and I am anxious to repeat here what I have published in the Press and everywhere proclaimed, and what I shall ever avow—but for her, I should never have lent an ear to the voice of Catholic Truth. I should esteem it then a favour, dear Revd. Mother, if you would publish the immense grace of which I have been the recipient, in order that the power of the intercession of the Saint of Lisieux may become more widely known, and that by her means other souls may be enlightened and saved.

Be so good, dear Revd. Mother, as to accept my deep respect, and pray for me that I may be able to understand more and more the teaching of my heavenly mistress, making myself after her example a little child in the hands of God, for is not that the "sure way," in which she has with so much insistence invited me to walk? . . .

FRANCIS MARY TERESA GRANT.*

* The Revd. Alexander J. Grant, member of the United Free Church in Scotland, was received into the Catholic Church by Father Widdowson, S.J., on 20th April, 1911, at Edinburgh.

He is the first United Free Church Minister to join the Catholic Church. Mr. Grant is Scotch, and was born at Caithness. He studied at the College of the Free Church, at Edinburgh. At Fort William, Inverness, Ullapool and Tiree, where he successively exercised his ministry, he gained the esteem and affection of all by his remarkable qualities of heart and mind. Nominated, in 1896, Minister at Loch Ranza, Arran, he remained there twelve years. While he was at this

149. Truly God renders more manifest from day to day the power of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, in favour of those who have recourse to her intercession; she obtains help for souls in the most diverse difficulties and guides them in the practice of virtue; she consoles the afflicted, and when she does not obtain their cure or some relief for their body, she causes them to accept their suffering with resignation in union with Our Lord. Hos articulos pro nunc exhibet, salvo semper . . . etc.

R. De Teil,
V. Postulator.

post, his wife embraced the Catholic Faith. The event rendered his position so difficult, in the midst of a population absolutely hostile to Catholic ideas, that he sent in his resignation and went to live at Edinburgh. He continued to preach for the United Free Church in the town and neighbourhood, for he was a well-known speaker, up to the time when the truth showed itself clearly to his soul. The letter given above reveals the different stages of his conversion.

See *Glasgow Observer*, 21st April, 1911.

Tablet, 29 April, 1911. The *Review* of the Arch-Confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion for the return of the English-speaking peoples to the Catholic Faith, 25th May, 1911.

Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux

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